

LONDON: BRADBURY & EVANS, WHITEFRIARS.

AGENTS:—J. MENZIES, EDINBURGH; J. MACLEOD, GLASGOW; J. M'GLASHAN, DUBLIN.

# FEATHER BEDS

## PURIFIED BY STEAM.

### HEAL AND SON

Have just completed the erection of Machinery for the purifying of Feathers on a new principle, by which the offensive properties of the quill are evaporated and carried off in steam; thereby not only are the impurities of the feather itself removed, but they are rendered quite free from the unpleasant smell of the stove, which all new feathers are subject to that are dressed in the ordinary way.

Old Beds re-dressed by this process are perfectly freed from all impurities, and, by expanding the feathers, the bulk is greatly increased, and consequently the bed rendered much softer, at 3d. per lb.

The following are the present prices of new Feathers :—

|                              | Per lb. |                                    | Per lb. |
|------------------------------|---------|------------------------------------|---------|
|                              | s. d.   |                                    | s. d.   |
| Mixed . . . . .              | 1 0     | Best Foreign Grey Goose . . . . .  | 2 0     |
| Grey Goose . . . . .         | 1 4     | Best Irish White Goose . . . . .   | 2 6     |
| Foreign Grey Goose . . . . . | 1 8     | Best Dantzic White Goose . . . . . | 3 0     |

### HEAL AND SON'S LIST OF BEDDING

Sent free, by Post.

It contains full particulars of WEIGHTS, SIZES, and PRICES, of every description of Bedding, and is so arranged that purchasers are enabled to judge the articles best suited to make a comfortable Bed, either as regular *English Bedding* with a Feather Bed, or as *French Bedding* with their

### SUPERIOR FRENCH MATTRESSES,

of which they, having been the Original Introducers, are enabled to make them of the very finest material, (quite equal to the best made in Paris,) at a lower price than any other House. Also,

### GERMAN SPRING MATTRESSES.

These, HEAL and SON have succeeded in greatly improving, and they can recommend one of these, with a FRENCH MATTRESS upon the top, as a most elastic and soft Bed.

### THE EIDER DOWN QUILT

also, is to be seen *only* at their House. It is the warmest, the lightest, and the most elegant covering ever introduced, suitable for the *Bed*, the *Couch*, or the *Carriage*. All who have travelled on the Continent are aware that no covering produces such extreme warmth, with the same weight; so that for Invalids they are a perfect luxury.

Every description of BLANKETS, QUILTS, and SHEETINGS.

### HEAL & SON,

FEATHER DRESSERS AND BEDDING MANUFACTURERS,

196, OPPOSITE THE CHAPEL,

TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD.



# DOMBEY & SON ADVERTISER.

---

**WORKS BY MR. CHARLES DICKENS.**

## THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF OLIVER TWIST.

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

This Edition has been carefully corrected by the Author throughout, and contains the whole of the original Illustrations. In One Volume demy 8vo, price 11s., uniform with "THE PICKWICK PAPERS."

In foolscap 8vo, price 6s.,

## PICTURES FROM ITALY.

Second Edition. With Vignette Illustrations.

## THE BATTLE OF LIFE. A LOVE STORY.

The Illustrations by D. MACLISE, R.A.; CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A.; JOHN LEECH; and RICHARD DOYLE.  
Price 5s., small 8vo.

## THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH;

A FAIRY TALE OF HOME. Price 5s.

## THE CHIMES;

A GOBLIN STORY OF SOME BELLS THAT RANG AN OLD YEAR OUT AND A NEW YEAR IN.  
Price 5s.

## A CHRISTMAS CAROL,

IN PROSE. Being a Ghost Story of Christmas. Price 5s.

LONDON: PUBLISHED BY BRADBURY & EVANS, 11, BOUVERIE STREET.

---

## PUNCH'S ALMANACK, FOR 1848,

**The Wonder of the Season.**

Now ready, a BEAUTIFULLY-PRINTED EDITION, giving full effect to the Artists' designs, and forming a very tasteful ornament for the Drawing-room Table or Portfolio. A few copies are coloured, for which early application should be made. Price 5s.; or 2s. 6d. plain.

## Completion of the Comic History of England.

Now ready, in Two Volumes 8vo, price 21s., elegantly bound in cloth,

## THE COMIC HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

By GILBERT ABBOTT & BECKETT.

ILLUSTRATED WITH TWENTY LARGE COLOURED ENGRAVINGS, AND MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED WOODCUTS.

By JOHN LEECH.

\* \* Subscribers are respectfully requested to lose no time in completing their Sets.

## NEW STORY BY DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The FEBRUARY Number of

## DOUGLAS JERROLD'S SHILLING MAGAZINE

Contains the Second Part (to be completed in Twelve) of a New Story by the Editor, to be called

## Twiddlethumb Town.

In which Story the Speculations, Sayings and Doings of the Twiddlethumbings—their Social and Political Condition—their Customs and Manners—will be related with, it is hoped, a fidelity and gravity, becoming the Historian of a People, hitherto singularly neglected by all Chroniclers.

\* \* Six Volumes are now published, handsomely bound in cloth, price 2l. 2s., and each Volume may be had separately, price 7s.; or Numbers I. to XXXVIII., price 1s. each.

LONDON: PUBLISHED AT THE PUNCH OFFICE, 35, FLEET STREET.

*Just Published, Price 2s. 6d.,*

# THE BOOK OF SNOBS.

By W. M. THACKERAY, Author of "Vanity Fair," &c.

These amusing Papers are now, for the first time, collected into a Volume, containing upwards of Sixty Illustrations, by the Author.

*This day is Published, Price 1s., with Illustrations on Steel and Wood, No. XIV. of*

# VANITY FAIR:

Pen and Pencil Sketches of English Society.

By W. M. THACKERAY,

Author of "Our Street," and the "Snob Papers" in PUNCH; &c. &c.

"In forming our general estimate of this writer, we wish it to be understood as referring principally, if not exclusively, to 'Vanity Fair,' so immeasurably superior in our opinion is this to every other known production of his pen. The great charm of this work is its entire freedom from mannerism and affectation, both in style and sentiment,—the confiding frankness with which the reader is addressed,—the thorough-

bred carelessness with which the author permits the thoughts and feelings suggested by the situations to flow in their natural channel, as if conscious that nothing mean or unworthy could fall from him. In a word, the book is the work of a gentleman—one touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and here are touches of nature by the dozen."—*Edinburgh Review.*

LONDON: PUBLISHED AT THE "PUNCH" OFFICE, 85, FLEET STREET

*Preparing for Publication,*

# THE GALLANTIE SHOW.

LONDON: BRADBURY & EVANS, BOUVERIE STREET.

# NEW LONDON DAILY PAPER.

*On the 1st of February, 1848, will be Published,*

No. I. OF THE

# LONDON TELEGRAPH,

PRICE THREEPENCE.

PUBLISHED AT TWELVE O'CLOCK AT NOON EVERY DAY.

THE LONDON TELEGRAPH WILL COMMENCE WITH  
A NOVEL BY ALBERT SMITH.

THE LONDON TELEGRAPH will contain all the News to Eleven o'Clock each Day—the Paris News to the Evening previous.

THE LONDON TELEGRAPH will have Expresses every Morning, by the Electric Telegraph, from all Important Towns in the Country—some Distant Two Hundred Miles; thus, in reality, abolishing Time and Space.

THE LONDON TELEGRAPH will have all the Reports—Parliamentary, Theatrical, Musical, &c. &c.; and also Contributions from the most learned men of the day. THE LONDON TELEGRAPH, Price THREEPENCE, or NINETEEN SHILLINGS per Quarter, will be published and sent from the Office; and all desiring the Paper should state to their News-agent the EDITION REQUIRED.

OFFICE, 185, FLEET STREET, LONDON,

Where all Communications are requested to be addressed. Orders for a Single Copy, or for a Quarter, or longer period, by Post-office Order, or otherwise, to be remitted to Mr. SAMUEL COLLINS, Publisher of THE LONDON TELEGRAPH, of 185, Fleet Street, aforesaid.

# A NEW SOURCE OF INCOME.

A new Source of Income is pointed out in a new and economical Plan for the Establishment of Select Circulating Libraries, which may be added to any fancy business, particularly such as are conducted by ladies, sent gratis and post-free to orders enclosing six stamps, addressed to Mr. BULL, 19, Holles-street, Cavendish-square.

PICTURE CATALOGUES OF SUMMERLY'S ART-MANUFACTURES, designed by eminent English Artists for POTTERY, GLASS, METALS, WOOD, PAPER, &c., (Fourth Edition), are sent on receipt of two Postage-stamps, by J. CUNDALL, 12, Old Bond-street. The Art-Manufactures are eminently suitable for Wedding Presents, Christmas-boxes, New Years' Gifts, Birthday Tokens, &c.



13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET,  
MR. COLBURN'S  
NEW PUBLICATIONS.

I.  
KING ARTHUR. By the Author of "The New Timon."

II.  
ANGELA; or, THE CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER. A Novel. By the Author of "Emilia Wyndham," "Two Old Men's Tales," &c. 3 vols.

III.  
REMINISCENCES OF PRINCE TALLEYRAND, with extracts from his Political Writings. 2 vols., with Portrait.

IV.  
ADVENTURES OF A MEDICAL STUDENT. By the late R. Douglas, Surgeon, R.N., with a Memoir of the Author. 3 vols.

V.  
MEMOIRS OF MADEMOISELLE DE MONTENSIER, written by Herself. 3 vols., with Portrait.

VI.  
LEONORA. A Love Story. 3 vols.

VII.  
JAMES THE SECOND, an Historical Romance. Edited by W. H. AINSWORTH, Esq. 3 vols., with illustrations.

VIII.  
EMILIA WYNDHAM. CHEAP EDITION, forming the New Volume of "COLBURN'S STANDARD NOVELS."

On Saturday, February 5, 1848, No. 1 of  
**FATHERLAND: an ILLUSTRATED REVIEW OF LIFE, LITERATURE, MEN, and MANNERS.**

To be Published Weekly, Price 3d.  
London: Fatherland Office, 48 A, Paternoster-row; and to be had of every Bookseller and Newsvender in the kingdom.

**Cornish's Pocket Classical Library.**

**THIS** Series is commenced to afford the Reading Public exact Translations of some of the finest of the Greek and Latin Classics, at a low and uniform price. Each Translation will be superior in merit to those now in the market, both in learning and correctness, and with numerous illustrative Notes. The first work in the Series (now out) is CICERO DE SENECTUTE, Cicero's Dialogue upon Old Age, "an incomparable treatise by the Prince of Orators." Price One Shilling. Sixteen Postage Stamps will free it.

CORNISH, BROTHERS, 109, Chancery-lane, London.  
In a few days, a perfectly literal Translation of the 21st Book of Homer, also price 1s.

**FOR FIVE SHILLINGS**, free by Post, ONE HUNDRED BEAUTIFUL PLATES from the ANNUALS, all different and fine impressions of Landscapes, Figures, Portraits, &c., adapted for Albums, Scrap Books, Screens, or fancy purposes. The most elegant and acceptable present of the Season. Forwarded free immediately on receipt of Post-office order. JAMES REYNOLDS, Print Warehouse, 174, Strand. Two Hundred, all different, free for 8s. 6d.

**VALUABLE PRESENT FOR YOUTH.**

**ROWLAND BRADSHAW:**

**HIS STRUGGLES AND ADVENTURES ON THE WAY TO FAME.**

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RABY RATTLER."

Dedicated to the Youth of England. Price 15s. With Twenty-eight brilliant Steel Engravings.  
LONDON: SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER.

"It exhibits much variety and observation of life, and the object in view is of the most meritorious description."—*Literary Gazette*, November 13.

"With a large faculty of invention he has given us scenes of considerable force and ingenuity."—*Athenaeum*, October 2.

"A story full of exciting interest which never flags from the first page to the last."—*Critic*, October 2.

"The whole is portrayed with truthfulness, power, and humour."—*Morning Post*, October 13.

"We do not know the book we could more readily commend to our readers."—*Pictorial Times*, October 2.

"The incidents are striking and highly dramatic."—*John Bull*, October 9.

"The entire story is admirably worked out, and is calculated not only to convey amusement but instruction likewise."—*Sunday Times*, October 24.

"This present sample of this style of literature is the best we have met with."—*Douglas Jerrold*, October 23.

"Great vivacity and power."—*Court Journal*, December 4.

"Consisting of infinitely numerous sketches and details of incident and character."—*New Monthly*, Dec

"Its spirited delineations of character are well conceived and well executed."—*Westminster Review*, p. 248.

**COUGHS AND INFLUENZA.**

**KEATING'S COUGH LOZENGES,**

**STRONGLY** recommended by the Faculty for giving relief in that distressing Cough which invariably follows an attack of Influenza.

Prepared and sold in boxes, 1s. 1d., and tins, 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d. and 10s. 6d. each, by THOMAS KEATING, Chymist, &c., 79, St. Paul's Churchyard, London; and retail, by all Druggists and Patent Medicine Vendors.

**IMPORTANT TESTIMONIALS.**

(SELECTED FROM SOME HUNDREDS.)

DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in testifying to the merits of your Cough Lozenges, known as "KEATING'S LOZENGES." I have been troubled with a hacking Cough for many years past, but at a recommendation of a friend I was induced to try your Lozenges, and am happy to say after using two boxes of them I find myself perfectly restored. I have recommended my friends to use them.  
I am, yours truly,  
THOMAS KEATING, Esq. GEO. B. BELCHER.

**COUGH CURED AFTER AN ATTACK OF INFLUENZA.**

SIR,—Having been attacked by the Influenza a short time ago, it left me with a very troublesome Cough; I was recommended to try your Lozenges, which, I am happy to say, completely cured me, after only taking half a box of them.

THOMAS KEATING, Esq.

I am, Sir, your most obedient Servant,  
THOS. E. DAVIS.



## CHUBB'S LOCKS AND FIRE-

PROOF SAFES.—CHUBB'S New Patent Detector Locks give perfect security from false Keys, and also detect any attempt to open them.

CHUBB'S Patent Fire-proof Safes and Boxes are the best preservatives of deeds, books, plate, &c., from fire and thieves.

Cash Boxes, and Japan Deed Boxes, Street Door Latches with very neat Keys.

C. CHUBB and SON, 57, St. Paul's Churchyard, London; and 28, Lord-street, Liverpool.

## BECKWITH'S OINTMENT.

**T**HIS invaluable Ointment has been

in use for many years in private families. It is a most effectual remedy in the case of Piles, Fistula, and other maladies of a similar nature; it is also equally efficacious for Scalds, Burns, and long-standing sores. Prepared by the Proprietor, and sold wholesale by W. SUTTON and Co., 10, Bow Church-yard; and retail by SAVORY, 143, New Bond-street, and 220, Regent-street, and all respectable Chemists, in pots at 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. each.

## For Purifying the Blood and Strengthening the Digestive Organs.

## FRENCH'S SARSAPARILLA AND

CHAMOMILE.—A Genuine Fluid Extract of these well-known valuable Medicines. It is suited for either sex, and will prove a certain cure for Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Dimness of Sight, Fainting Fits, Wasting of the Flesh, Languor, Skin diseases, Rheumatic and Nervous affections, and all impurities of the Blood, caused by unhealthy climates, too sedentary a life, or other causes. By the diligent use of this purifying medicine the energies of the whole nervous system will be augmented, a more powerful, healthy action of every faculty produced, feebleness, and all the deplorable symptoms of disease will vanish, and strength and health be restored to the feeble and afflicted by its restorative properties. Price 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 22s. each. Prepared only by W. A. FRENCH, Practical Chemist, 309, Holborn, two doors west of Chancery Lane.—The 11s. and 22s. sizes delivered carriage free to any part of England.

## SICK HEADACHES, BILE, AND

INDIGESTION CURED by HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—The innumerable proofs of the efficacy of these INVALUABLE PILLS in the cure of BILE, SICK HEADACHES, and INDIGESTION, are so convincing, that every person subject to these distressing complaints should immediately have recourse to a few doses to insure relief, for there has been no medicine hitherto discovered that possesses such powerful properties in eradicating the causes of these disorders. It acts so peculiarly on the system, that all impurities are removed, and the patient becomes permanently invigorated. Holloway's Pills are also an infallible remedy for liver complaints, and rank in the highest estimation as a Family Medicine.—Sold by all Druggists, and at Professor Holloway's establishment, 244, Strand, London.

## SEND EIGHT POSTAGE STAMPS,

And by return, and Post Free, you will receive a handsome Tea-spoon of

## C. WATSON'S SOLID ALBATA PLATE,

which is rapidly superseding Silver for all domestic uses. This is the only SOLID substitute now sold. Unlike plated goods of any kind, there is nothing to wear off, so that the more you rub and clean it, the better it will continue to look, though it should be in daily use for FIFTY YEARS. Do not be afraid to put it to any test, and then send your order. A full Catalogue of Prices, with patterns of every other article which is manufactured from this metal, for the table or the sideboard, will be enclosed with the Sample Spoon. This Metal may be engraved as silver, with crests, arms, &c.—N.B. In CANDLESTICKS it is extremely beautiful.

Address, C. WATSON, 41 and 42, Barbican, and 16, Norton Folgate, London.

## CORNS, BUNIONS, DEFECTIVE NAILS, &c.

**M**R. HARRIS, CORN OPERATOR, begs most respectfully to inform the Nobility and Gentry, that she continues her attendance in all cases of Corns, Bunions, Defective Nails, and Tenderness of Feet, arising from any cause, guaranteeing relief in the most inveterate cases, and in most instances, when her advice and instructions are adhered to, a perfect cure.

Mrs. H. attends Patients at her residence, 98, Albany-street, Regent's Park, after 2 daily, where all letters are promptly attended to.

## NOVELTIES FOR LADIES WHO

CROCHET.—Forwarded free, accompanied by a Crochet Instruction or Collar Book, on receipt of a post-office order for the respective amounts: price 7s. 6d. A SOLID SILVER CASE, form, size, and action, as an ever-pointed Pencil-case, with reserve of Steel Crochet Needles, the most elegant appendage to the work-table ever invented.

Price 6s., A RICH MOROCCO CASE, lined with silk, containing a graduated set of Steel Crochet Hooks, with Ivory holder. Post office orders to be made payable at the Borough Office to DRESSER ROGERS, Berlin House, 101, Borough, London.

## To every Consumer of Lamp Oil.

## NUNN'S VEGETABLE OIL, 4s. 6d.

per imperial gallon, gives a clear and brilliant light in every description of lamp, perfectly free from smell or smoke, is not in any way affected by the temperature, does not clog or corrode the lamps, and is recommended as the most cleanly as well as the most economical oil that can be used. T. NUNN and SONS beg further to state, that this oil makes no deposit in casks or cans, and is the only article that can (with certainty) be substituted for sperm oil. Sold by THOMAS NUNN and SONS, Grocers and Oil Merchant, (upwards of 35 years Purveyors to the Honourable Society of Lincoln's-Inn), 19, Great James-street, Bedford-row.

## EASE AND COMFORT IN

SHAVING.—B. and S. COWVAN'S CANTON STROP, or Quadrilateral Chinese Razor Sharpener, patronised by H.R.H. Prince Albert, renders shaving pleasant to a tender skin. The keenest edge may be given to the bluntest razor. Testimonials of its excellence have been received from that eminent surgeon, Aston Key, Esq., as well as from other professional and scientific individuals. May be had of the inventors, B. and S. COWVAN, 164, Fenchurch Street, and of all perfumers, &c. Prices, 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 9s. 6d.: Canton razor paste, 1s. per packet: Vegetable shaving powder, 1s. 6d. per box, and peculiarly tempered razors, &c.

## A PERFECT SUBSTITUTE for

SILVER.—The most effective imitation is in the Spoons and Forks, that have a body of real silver plated over the British plate. So accurate and durable are these, that twenty years' wear would not show that they were not real silver, and they do not cost one quarter the price. The fact is, the interest of the money that would be paid for real silver will buy these things oftener than they are wanted. Prices of British Plate, covered with real Silver:—Table Spoons, per dozen, 31. 5s.; Dessert Spoons, ditto, 21. 7s.; Tea Spoons, ditto, 11. 8s.; Table Forks, ditto, 31. 5s.; Dessert Forks, ditto, 21. 5s.; Sugar Tongs, per pair, 5s.; Sauce Ladles, each, 6s.; Gravy Spoons, each, 10s.; Soup Ladles, each, 18s.; Fish Knives, each, 11. They are manufactured exclusively for MECHI, 4, LEADENHALL-STREET, NEAR THE INDIA-HOUSE. The money will be returned to any purchaser who disapproves them. A very large assortment of plated Fruit and Dessert Knives, real Sheffield Plated Goods, Table Cutlery, Small Cutlery, and other matters connected with housekeeping, of which catalogues may be had, gratis.



**JONES'S £4 4s. 0d. Silver, and £12 12s. 0d. GOLD LEVER WATCHES** at 338, Strand, opposite Somerset House. Warranted not to vary more than  $\frac{1}{2}$  a minute per week. Mathematically true and elegant. On receipt of a Post Office Order for 1s. above the Price, one will be forwarded free to any part of the Kingdom.

## CLERICAL, MEDICAL, AND GENERAL LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY.

Persons of all ages, and in every station, may assure with this Society on very moderate terms.

No extra premium is required for sea-risk, or residence in any part of Europe. Persons wishing to visit, or reside in, other parts of the world, may also effect Policies at a small increase of premium.

### BONUSES.

The two first divisions averaged 22l. per cent. on the Premiums paid; the third, 28l. per cent. The fourth bonus, declared Jan. 1847, averaged rather more than 36l. PER CENT.; and from the LARGE amount of PROFIT reserved for FUTURE APPROPRIATION and other causes, the Bonuses hereafter are expected to EXCEED that amount.

Tables of Rates, with the last Report, can be obtained of the Society's Agents, or by addressing a letter to

GEO. H. PINCKARD, Resident Secretary,  
No. 99, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury, London.

## BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.—The

Thorn that veils the Primrose from our View is not more invidious in Nature than superfluous Hair on the Face, Neck, or Arms of Beauty. For its removal HUBERT'S ROSEATE POWDER stands pre-eminent. Beware of Counterfeits. The Genuine has been signed G. H. HOGARD for the last forty years. Sold for the Proprietor by HOOPEE, Chemist, 24, Russell Street, Covent Garden; and by most Perfumers. Price 4s.; or two in one parcel, 7s.

## THE ATRAPILATORY, or

LIQUID HAIR DYE; the only dye that really answers for all colours, and does not require re-doing but as the hair grows, as it never fades or acquires that unnatural red or purple tint common to all other dyes. BOTANIC WATER and BEAR'S GREASE.—When the hair is becoming thin and falling off, the only effectual remedy besides shaving the head is the use of the two above-named articles, applied alternately—the botanic water to cleanse the roots from scurf, and as a stimulant, and the bear's grease as a nourisher. THE NEW TOOTH-PICK BRUSH, thoroughly cleansing between the teeth, when used up and down, and polishing the surface when used cross-ways. The hair warranted never to come out. THE UNION and TRIPLE HAIR BRUSHES. THE DOUBLE ANTIPRESSURE NAIL BRUSH. THE MEDIUM SHAVING BRUSH. THE RAILWAY STROP and POWDER.

The above new and elegant articles, in addition to a very extensive assortment of beautiful PERFUMES, are the sole MANUFACTURES and INVENTIONS of MESSRS. ROSS AND SONS, 119 and 120, Bishopsgate-street, London.

### THE MANDARIN PICKLE-SAUCE

AND THE  
STELLA SALAD OIL.

IF you have not yet tasted the above sauce send for a jar, and also for a bottle of the oil, they only cost 1s. 6d. each; mix them together, according to the directions given, and you will have the most delicious fish sauce ever introduced into this country. The Mandarin Pickle-Sauce when mixed with melted butter is infinitely superior to capers for all boiled meats, &c. The Stella Salad Oil is from the olives of one choice estate in Italy, and is quite new to this country. With each bottle is given the receipt for frying fish in perfection, and also for mixing salads à la Française. Sold by the most respectable dealers in town and country, in registered jars and bottles, bearing the signature of the importers, "William Orridge and Co., 11, Pilgrim-street, Ludgate-street, London."

## ROWLANDS' ODONTO,

OR PEARL DENTIFRICE.

A WHITE POWDER FOR THE TEETH, compounded of the choicest and most *recherché* Ingredients of the Oriental Herbal. It extirpates all tartarous adhesions to the Teeth, and ensures a *pearl-like whiteness* to the enamelled surface. Its *Anti-Septic* and *Anti-Scorbutic Properties* arrest the further progress of decay of the Teeth, induce healthy action of the Gums, and by confirming their adhesion to the Teeth, perpetuate effective and complete mastication; the *Breath* also, from the salubrious and disinfecting qualities of the *Odonto*, attains a grateful sweetness and fragrance. Its invaluable properties have obtained its selection by *Her Majesty the Queen, the Court and Royal Family of Great Britain, and the Sovereigns and Nobility* throughout Europe. Price 2s. 9d. per box.

**CAUTION.**—To protect the Public from Fraud, the *Hon. Commissioners* have directed the Proprietors' Name and Address, thus—"A. ROWLAND and SON, 20, HATTON GARDEN," to be engraved on the Government Stamp, which is affixed on each box. Sold by them, and by Chemists and Perfumers.

## BRITISH COLLEGE OF HEALTH,

NEW ROAD, LONDON.

### DECLARATION OF HYGEISTS.

Whereas passing events are every day confirming the truth of Mr. MORISON'S SYSTEM of MEDICINE, in the support of which we have for many years been engaged, firmly believing that that system is the only true one, viz., that all diseases proceed from an impurity of the blood and fluids, and can therefore only be eradicated by proper vegetable purgation, we feel ourselves called upon thus to record our adherence to Hygeian principles.

We also declare our belief in the incalculable benefits to be derived from the Sanitary Commission, which provides clean habitations and pure air for the poorer classes, which, together with a proper system of vegetable purgation (to be carried out by all without the necessity of medical advice), is all that is necessary for keeping the nation in a healthy state, and warding off attacks of cholera, influenza, or any other epidemic that may present itself.

We further protest, as in the petition presented to Parliament by Sir Benjamin Hall, Bart., in the session of 1847, signed by 20,000 of the people, against the poisons sold as medicines in the chemists' shops, such as laudanum, prussic acid, arsenic, strichnia, &c., all of which we consider engines of death and not of life, however administered.

Dated at the British College of Health, London, this 27th day of December, in the year of our Lord, 1847.

Morison, Moat, & Co., Hygeists, British College of Health, London.

Joseph Webb, Hygeist, Scarborough, Yorkshire.

Thos. La Mott, Hygeist, Hull, Yorkshire.

John Fraser, Hygeist, Edinburgh.

John Field, Hygeist, 65, Quadrant, Regent-street.

John Lofts, Hygeist, Park-place, Mile-end, London.

Richard Tothill, Hygeist, Heavitree, near Exeter.

A. Charlwood, Hygeist, Norwich.

E. Giles, Hygeist, Ipswich.

Wm. Laker, Hygeist, Horsham.

Jno. Chappell, Hygeist, Lombard-street, London.

J. Spence, Hygeist, Reading.

H. Watson, Hygeist, Bath.

E. Mitton, Hygeist, Wellingboro'.

P. Arthand, Hygeist, 31 bis, Rue Louis le Grand, Paris, France.

L. F. Candelot, Hygeist, St. Just en Chaussée, Oise, France.

Duplantier, Hygeist, Rue Miqueux, Bordeaux, France.

Thomas Gardner, Hygeist, Calcutta.

Lieut. J. Mackinnon, Hygeist, Cape Breton.

J. Fisher, Hygeist, Liverpool.

A. Sheppard, Hygeist, Newcastle.

J. Hibbert, Hygeist, Manchester.

J. Hall, Hygeist, Bolton.

J. Wadleton, Hygeist, Birmingham.

M. Gardner, Hygeist, Bishopwearmouth.

J. W. Havill, Hygeist, Exeter.

John Langford, Hygeist, Strood.

Wm. Humphreys, Hygeist, Dover.





Brown, 4s. 6d. per bottle.  
Pale, 5s. ditto.



3s. per bottle.



10s. per doz. large bottles.  
7s. per doz. small ditto.  
exclusive of carriage from  
London.

## "THE STANDARD OF COGNAC,"

WHICH IS THE BEST FOREIGN BRANDY,

**THE PATENT BRANDY, AND THE GENUINE SELTERS WATER,**  
protected by the Patent Metallic Capsule, the only sure and self-evident safeguard against adulteration, can be obtained throughout the Kingdom at the respective prices above mentioned, or at

7, SMITHFIELD BARS, AND 96, ST. JOHN'S STREET, LONDON.

## BINYON'S ELASTIC CHEST EXPANDER.



**S**TOOPING of the **SHOULDERS** and **CONTRACTION** of the **CHEST** are entirely prevented, and gently and effectually removed in Youth and Ladies and Gentlemen, by the occasional use of the **IMPROVED ELASTIC CHEST EXPANDER**, which is light, simple, easily applied, either above or beneath the dress, and worn without any uncomfortable constraint or impediment to exercise. To young persons especially it is highly beneficial, immediately producing an evident **IMPROVEMENT** in the **FIGURE**, and tending greatly to prevent the incursion of **PULMONARY DISEASES**; whilst to the Invalid, and those much engaged in sedentary pursuits, such as Reading or Studying, Working, Drawing, or Music, it is found to be invaluable, as it expands the Chest and affords a great support to the back. It is made in Silk; and can be forwarded, per post, by **MR. ALFRED BINYON, Sole Manufacturer and Proprietor, No. 40, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London;** or full particulars, on receipt of a Postage Stamp.



## CHILDREN'S FROCKS, COATS, AND PELISSES.



**CHILDREN'S FROCKS, COATS, and PELISSES** in all the most appropriate materials and prevailing styles, a large portion of which are expressly adapted for **SCHOOL WEAR**, at

**Shearman's, 5, Finsbury Pavement.**

**SEVERAL HUNDRED** constantly on view, from the useful **1p-door** at 1s. 11d.; Medium, 5s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 11s. 6d.; Handsome, 15s. 6d., 18s. 6d., 21s.,—up to the richest goods made in **Silk Velvets** (black, and all colours), three, four, and five guineas.

**UNDRESS HOLLAND FROCKS**, 1s. 9d., 1s. 11d.; **Pinafores**, 1s., 1s. 2d.; **Blouses**, 3s. 6d., 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d.

**INFANT'S CLOAKS, HOODS, HATS, BONNETS, Long and Short ROBES, French Cambric Caps, Day**

and **Night Gowns, Robe Blanks and Squires, Lawn and Cambric Night Caps, Round and Open Shirts, Trimmed Nursery Baskets, Ditto Bassinets**, with or without **Sheets, Blankets, &c.**; with every other article in **BABY LINEN**, and what is usually required for a **YOUNG FAMILY**; thus completely obviating the trouble and inconvenience usually complained of in going to various shops when **JUVENILE CLOTHING** is required. An **ILLUSTRATED PAMPHLET**, affording additional information, sent free on the receipt of a paid letter.



## NUNN'S MADE MUSTARD.

*In Pots, price 1s. and 1s. 6d. each.*

**THIS** excellent Article is prepared by a peculiar process, by which the pungent properties of the **Essential Oil** are fully retained, and the flavour of the **Mustard** is just as fresh to the palate after the lapse of years as if it were made on the instant.

Setting aside the great superiority it possesses over anything of the kind now in use, it has great claims on the score of economy, as it is a notorious fact that one half the consumption of **Mustard** is wasted from its turning bad both before and after mixing for use.

Captains of Vessels and Residents in the Tropics will find it an invaluable acquisition, as it is guaranteed to keep for years in any climate.

Prepared only, and sold Wholesale and Retail, by **THOMAS NUNN and SONS**, upwards of 37 years Purveyors to the Hon. Society of Lincoln's Inn, 19, Great James Street, Bedford Row, London. Sole Wholesale Agents, Messrs. **SUTTON and Co.**, Bow Church Yard; **THOMPSON and SON**, Upper North Place, Gray's Inn Lane, London; **H. TOLLERNY**, 60, Queen Square, Bristol; and retailed by all Chemists and Druggists throughout the Kingdom. Shipping Agents: Messrs. **J. G. ANTHONY and Co.**, 27, East India Chambers, Leadenhall Street.



# SOVEREIGN LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY,

No. 5, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON.

## TRUSTEES.

SIR A. BRYDGES HENNIKER, BART.  
B. BOND CABELL, Esq., M.P.

HENRY POWNALL, Esq.  
CLAUDE EDWARD SCOTT, Esq.

## DIRECTORS.

CHAIRMAN—LIEUT.-COL. LORD ARTHUR LENNOX.  
DEPUTY-CHAIRMAN—T. C. GRANGER, Esq., M.P.  
JOHN ASHBURNER, Esq., M.D.  
T. M. B. BATARD, Esq.  
PHILIP P. BLYTH, Esq.  
HENRY BROADWOOD, Esq., M.P.

SIR JAMES CARMICHAEL, BART.  
CHARLES FAREBROTHER, Esq., ALDERMAN.  
WILLIAM TULLOH FRASER, Esq.  
JOHN GARDINER, Esq.  
AARON ASHER GOLDSMID, Esq.  
HENRY WILLIAM POWNALL, Esq.

BANKERS.—SIR CLAUDE SCOTT, BART., and CO.

SOLICITORS.—Messrs. DAVIES, SON, and CAMPBELL.

Assurances on the lives of persons in every station of life and every part of the world, granted on a plan which combines the utmost amount of benefit to the families of the assured at death, with every attainable advantage during life, which the system of Life Assurance is capable of affording.

Perfect security in a subscribed Capital, which guarantees the prompt settlement of every claim, with participating and non-participating rates on the lowest scale, especially for terms of years.

The Assured can anticipate or obtain the advance of the full amount of the Policy, on giving approved available security for a certain number of annual payments, as explained by the Prospectus.

Every facility afforded to persons assuring the lives of others, so as to render such Policies effectual securities. A new plan of gradual or accumulative Assurance, particularly adapted for young lives, and for such as cannot, without inconvenience, undertake the payment of a fixed premium, securing at once provision in case of premature death, and an accumulating fund, available during life, should occasion require.

ANNUITIES, ENDOWMENTS, ADVANCES, and LOANS, on liberal terms.

Detailed Prospectuses, forms of Proposal, and every information, may be had on application, either personally or by letter, at the Company's Offices.

The usual commission to Solicitors and Agents.

H. D. DAVENPORT, Secretary.

## THE GENTLEMAN'S REAL HEAD OF HAIR or INVISIBLE PERUKE.

The principle upon which this Peruke is made is so superior to everything yet produced, that the Manufacturer invites the honour of a visit from the Sceptic and the Connoisseur, that one may be convinced and the other gratified, by inspecting this and other novel and beautiful specimens of the Perruqueian Art, at the establishment of the Sole Inventor, F. BROWNE, 47, FENCHURCH-ST.

### F. BROWNE'S INFALLIBLE MODE OF MEASURING THE HEAD.

|  | As dotted         | Inches. | Eighths |
|--|-------------------|---------|---------|
| Round the Head in manner of a fillet, leaving the Ears loose.....                          | 1 to 1.           |         |         |
| From the Forehead over to the poll, as deep each way as required.....                      | As dotted 2 to 2. |         |         |
| From one Temple to the other, across the rise or Crown of the head to where the Hair grows | As marked 3 to 3. |         |         |



THE CHARGE FOR THIS UNIQUE HEAD OF HAIR ONLY £1 10s.

## FOR EXPORTATION.—NIGHT LIGHTS.



THE breakage and uncertain burning of rushlights render them useless. The dirt, smoke, and smell from oil is very disagreeable. The inconvenience in not being able to move the common Mortars after being lighted, and the liability of the paper taking fire, make them extremely dangerous articles, and should not be used. All these defects are remedied in CLARKE'S PATENT MORTAR LAMPS and LAMP MORTARS, which are clean, elegant, economical, and safe, give three times the light of all Mortars with paper round them, can be carried without extinguishing the light, and have neither smell nor smoke. Persons burning night-lights should not use any other. The Lamps are made in japanned, gilt and bronze metal, plain, coloured, and beautifully painted glass, and in papier maché, from 6d. each.

Mortars, 6d. per box. May be obtained, wholesale and retail, at the Patentee's Lamp Manufactory, 55, Albany Street, Regent's Park.

## DEFORMITIES OF THE CHEST AND SPINE.

EAGLAND'S newly-invented INVISIBLE SPINE SUPPORTERS will be found well deserving the attention of the medical profession, and of persons suffering under Spinal deformity and its consequences. As any attempt at a description must needs fall short of giving a correct idea of the plan itself, Mr. EAGLAND solicits an inspection. They are beautifully simple and eminently successful, quite imperceptible, and conceal the deformity from the keenest observer. Mr. E. has the pleasure to add, that he is empowered to refer to ladies of the highest respectability as to the remedial effects produced by their use.

21, COVENTRY STREET, HAYMARKET, LONDON.

\*\*\* Hours 11 till 6.





EXTRACT FROM "THE PATENT JOURNAL" OF THE 11<sup>TH</sup>  
OF DECEMBER, 1847.

"PATENTS RECENTLY GRANTED.—To WILLIAM DAKIN, of NUMBER  
"ONE, SAINT PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, 'for Improvements in  
"Cleaning and Roasting Coffee, in the Apparatus and Machinery to be  
"used therein; and also in the Apparatus for making Infusions and  
"Decoctions of Coffee.'"

### PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT.

HER MAJESTY having been graciously pleased to grant her Royal  
Letters Patent to

**WILLIAM DAKIN,**

**OF NUMBER ONE ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD, LONDON,**  
Under the above title, and for the purposes declared, DAKIN and  
COMP<sup>Y</sup>. take this early opportunity of informing the Public that the  
extensive Engines and Machinery for carrying out the Patent are being  
got ready with every possible despatch; and on completion, the Firm will  
be in a position to bring this extraordinary and highly-important invention  
prominently before the Public—an invention remarkable for its efficacy in  
adopting a simple scientific principle for the production of essential improve-  
ments in the preparation of Coffee.





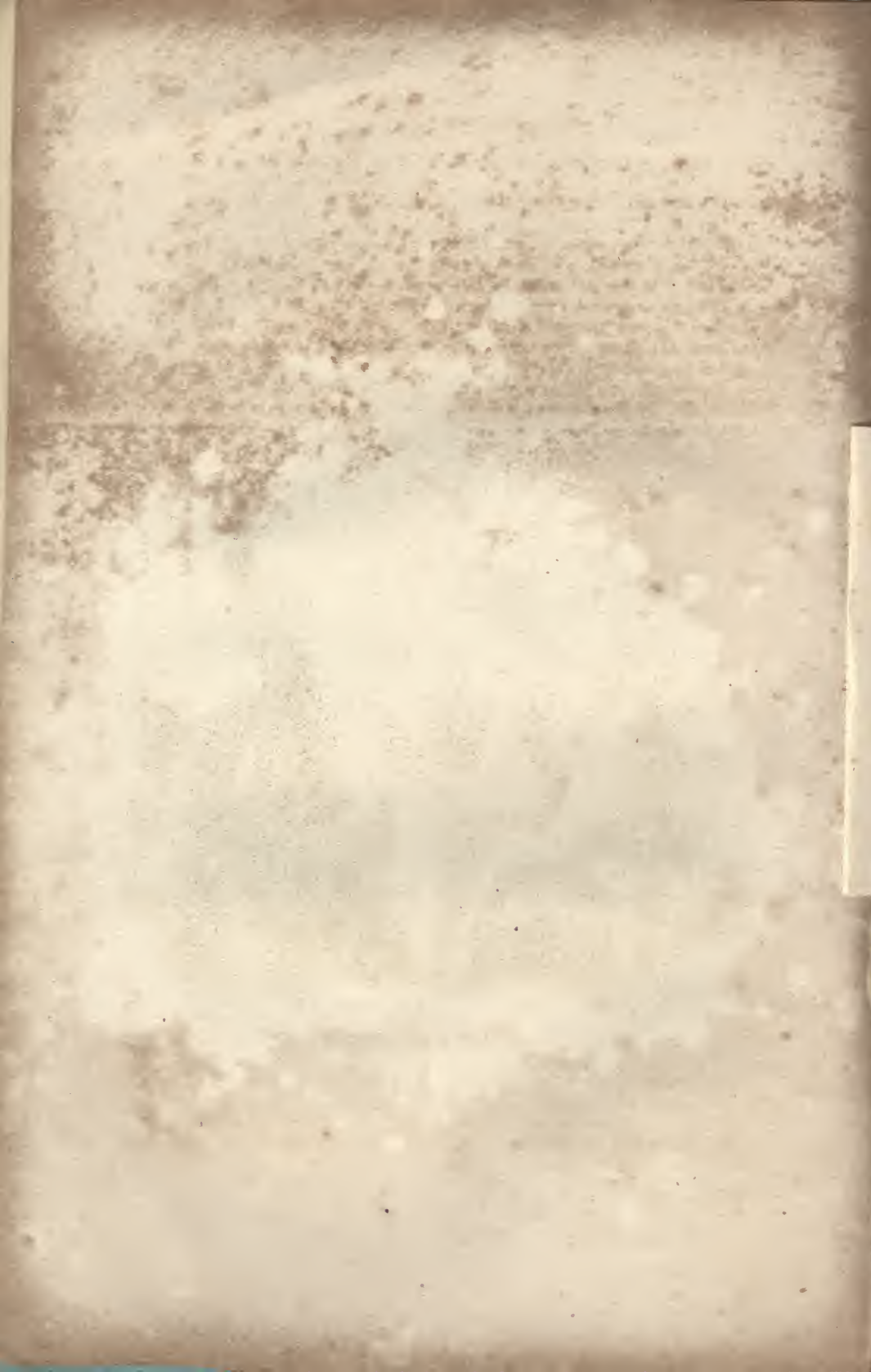


*Secret intelligence*





*Y. Barker in his house of triumph*





CHAPTER LII.

SECRET INTELLIGENCE.

GOOD Mrs. Brown and her daughter Alice, kept silent company together, in their own dwelling. It was early in the evening, and late in the spring. But a few days had elapsed since Mr. Dombey had told Major Bagstock of his singular intelligence, singularly obtained, which might turn out to be valueless, and might turn out to be true; and the world was not satisfied yet.

The mother and daughter sat for a long time without interchanging a word: almost without motion. The old woman's face was shrewdly

*Early in March, with Illustrations,*

*The Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith.*

A BIOGRAPHY IN FOUR BOOKS.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>I. THE SIZAR, STUDENT, TRAVELLER,<br/>APOTHECARY'S JOURNEYMAN, USHER,<br/>AND POOR PHYSICIAN.</p> | <p>III. AUTHORSHIP BY CHOICE.</p>   |
| <p>II. AUTHORSHIP BY COMPULSION.</p>   | <p>IV. THE FRIEND OF JOHNSON, BURKE,<br/>AND REYNOLDS: DRAMATIST,<br/>NOVELIST, AND POET.</p> |

BY JOHN FORSTER.

LONDON: BRADBURY & EVANS, BOUVERIE STREET; AND  
CHAPMAN & HALL, 186, STRAND.

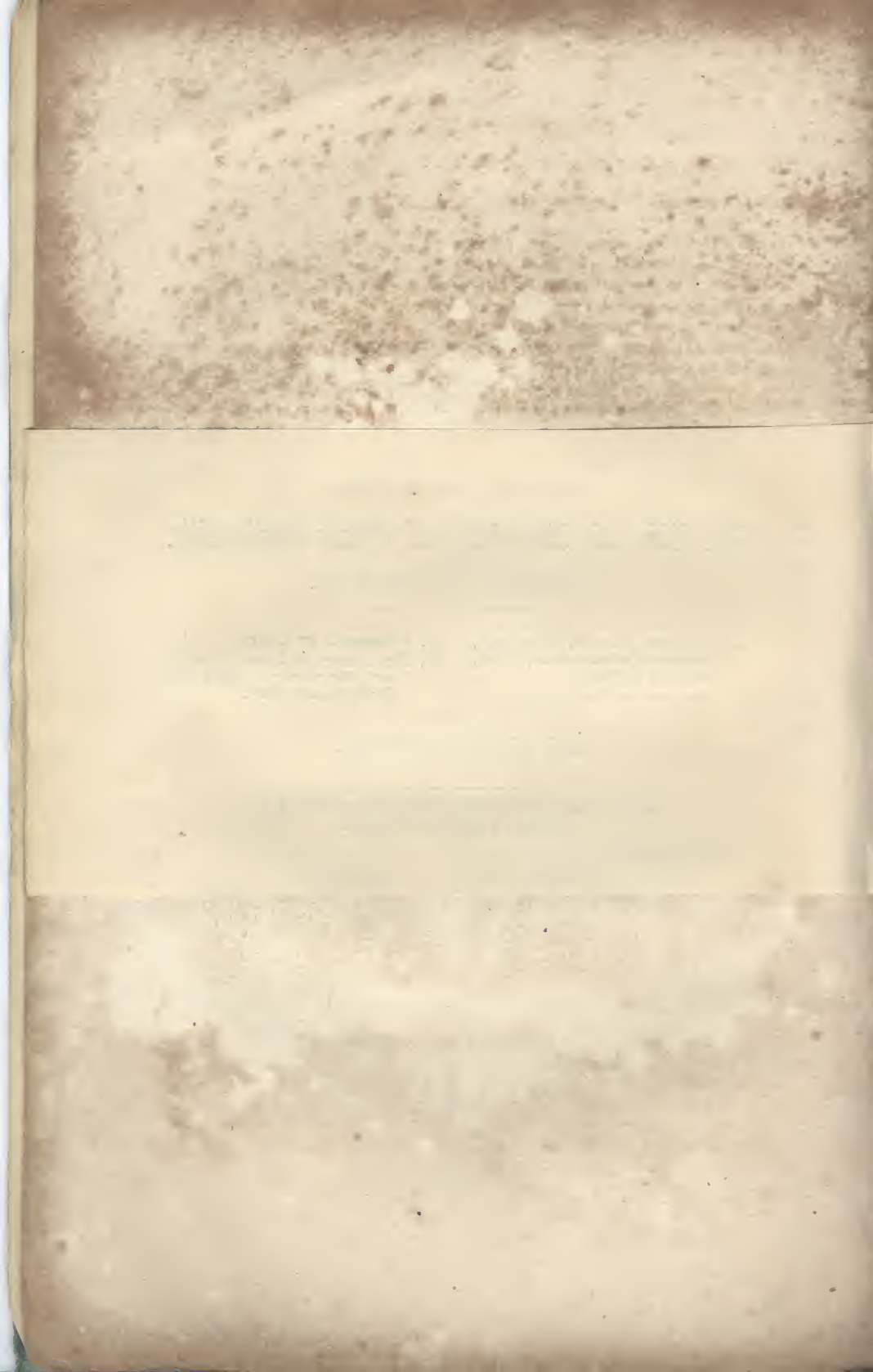
SEEMED WHEN I SAID THEIR NAMES, AND ASKED HER  
where they was!"

"Was it so angry?" asked her daughter, roused to interest in a moment.

"Angry? ask if it was bloody. That's more like the word. Angry? Ha, ha! To call that only angry!" said the old woman, hobbling to the cupboard, and lighting a candle, which displayed the workings of her mouth to ugly advantage, as she brought it to the table. "I might as well call your face only angry, when you think or talk about 'em."

It was something different from that, truly, as she sat as still as a crouched tigress, with her kindling eyes.

"Hark!" said the old woman, triumphantly. "I hear a step coming. It's not the tread of any one that lives about here, or comes this way





CHAPTER LII.

SECRET INTELLIGENCE.

GOOD Mrs. Brown and her daughter Alice, kept silent company together, in their own dwelling. It was early in the evening, and late in the spring. But a few days had elapsed since Mr. Dombey had told Major Bagstock of his singular intelligence, singularly obtained, which might turn out to be valueless, and might turn out to be true; and the world was not satisfied yet.

The mother and daughter sat for a long time without interchanging a word: almost without motion. The old woman's face was shrewdly anxious and expectant; that of her daughter was expectant too, but in a less sharp degree, and sometimes it darkened, as if with gathering disappointment and incredulity. The old woman, without heeding these changes in its expression, though her eyes were often turned towards it, sat mumbling and munching, and listening confidently.

Their abode, though poor and miserable, was not so utterly wretched as in the days when only good Mrs. Brown inhabited it. Some few attempts at cleanliness and order were manifest, though made in a reckless, gipsy way, that might have connected them, at a glance, with the younger woman. The shades of evening thickened and deepened as the two kept silence, until the blackened walls were nearly lost in the prevailing gloom.

Then Alice broke the silence which had lasted so long, and said:

"You may give him up, mother. He'll not come here."

"Death give him up!" returned the old woman, impatiently. "He *will* come here."

"We shall see," said Alice.

"We shall see *him*," returned her mother.

"And doomsday," said the daughter.

"You think I'm in my second childhood, I know!" croaked the old woman. "That's the respect and duty that I get from my own gal, but I'm wiser than you take me for. He'll come. T' other day when I touched his coat in the street, he looked round as if I was a toad. But Lord, to see him when I said their names, and asked him if he'd like to find out where they was!"

"Was it so angry?" asked her daughter, roused to interest in a moment.

"Angry? ask if it was bloody. That's more like the word. Angry? Ha, ha! To call that only angry!" said the old woman, hobbling to the cupboard, and lighting a candle, which displayed the workings of her mouth to ugly advantage, as she brought it to the table. "I might as well call your face only angry, when you think or talk about 'em."

It was something different from that, truly, as she sat as still as a crouched tigress, with her kindling eyes.

"Hark!" said the old woman, triumphantly. "I hear a step coming. It's not the tread of any one that lives about here, or comes this way

often. We don't walk like that. We should grow proud on such neighbours! Do you hear him?"

"I believe you are right, mother," replied Alice, in a low voice. "Peace! open the door."

As she drew herself within her shawl, and gathered it about her, the old woman complied; and peering out, and beckoning, gave admission to Mr. Dombey, who stopped when he had set his foot within the door, and looked distrustfully around.

"It's a poor place for a great gentleman like your worship," said the old woman, curtsying and chattering. "I told you so, but there's no harm in it."

"Who is that?" asked Mr. Dombey, looking at her companion.

"That's my handsome daughter," said the old woman. "Your worship won't mind her. She knows all about it."

A shadow fell upon his face not less expressive than if he had groaned aloud, "Who does not know all about it!" but he looked at her steadily, and she, without any acknowledgment of his presence, looked at him. The shadow on his face was darker when he turned his glance away from her; and even then it wandered back again, furtively, as if he were haunted by her bold eyes, and some remembrance they inspired.

"Woman," said Mr. Dombey to the old witch who was chuckling and leering close at his elbow, and who, when he turned to address her, pointed stealthily at her daughter, and rubbed her hands, and pointed again, "Woman! I believe that I am weak and forgetful of my station in coming here, but you know why I come, and what you offered when you stopped me in the street the other day. What is it that you have to tell me concerning what I want to know; and how does it happen that I can find voluntary intelligence in a hovel like this," with a disdainful glance about him, "when I have exerted my power and means to obtain it in vain? I do not think," he said, after a moment's pause, during which he had observed her, sternly, "that you are so audacious as to mean to trifle with me, or endeavour to impose upon me. But if you have that purpose, you had better stop on the threshold of your scheme. My humour is not a trifling one, and my acknowledgment will be severe."

"Oh a proud, hard, gentleman!" chuckled the old woman, shaking her head, and rubbing her shrivelled hands, "oh hard, hard, hard! But your worship shall see with your own eyes and hear with your own ears; not with ours—and if your worship's put upon their track, you won't mind paying something for it, will you, honourable deary?"

"Money," returned Mr. Dombey, apparently relieved, and re-assured by this enquiry, "will bring about unlikely things, I know. It may turn even means as unexpected and unpromising as these, to account. Yes. For any reliable information I receive, I will pay. But I must have the information first, and judge for myself of its value."

"Do you know nothing more powerful than money?" asked the younger woman, without rising, or altering her attitude.

"Not here, I should imagine," said Mr. Dombey.

"You should know of something that is more powerful elsewhere,



as I judge," she returned. "Do you know nothing of a woman's anger?"

"You have a saucy tongue, Jade," said Mr. Dombey.

"Not usually," she answered, without any show of emotion: "I speak to you now, that you may understand us better, and rely more on us. A woman's anger is pretty much the same here, as in your fine house. I am angry. I have been so, many years. I have as good cause for my anger as you have for yours, and its object is the same man."

He started, in spite of himself, and looked at her with astonishment.

"Yes," she said, with a kind of laugh. "Wide as the distance may seem between us, it is so. How it is so, is no matter; that is my story, and I keep my story to myself. I would bring you and him together, because I have a rage against him. My mother there, is avaricious and poor; and she would sell any tidings she could glean, or anything, or anybody, for money. It is fair enough perhaps, that you should pay her some, if she can help you to what you want to know. But that is not my motive. I have told you what mine is, and it would be as strong and all sufficient with me if you haggled and bargained with her for a sixpence. I have done. My saucy tongue says no more, if you wait here till sunrise to-morrow."

The old woman who had shown great uneasiness during this speech which had a tendency to depreciate her expected gains, pulled Mr. Dombey softly by the sleeve, and whispered to him not to mind her. He glanced at them both, by turns, with a haggard look, and said, in a deeper voice than was usual with him:

"Go on—what do you know?"

"Oh, not so fast, your worship! we must wait for some one," answered the old woman. "It's to be got from some one else—wormed out—screwed and twisted from him."

"What do you mean?" said Mr. Dombey.

"Patience," she croaked, laying her hand, like a claw, upon his arm. "Patience. I'll get at it. I know I can! If he was to hold it back from me," said good Mrs. Brown, crooking her ten fingers, "I'd tear it out of him!"

Mr. Dombey followed her with his eyes as she hobbled to the door, and looked out again: and then his glance sought her daughter; but she remained impassive, silent, and regardless of him.

"Do you tell me, woman," he said, when the bent figure of Mrs. Brown came back, shaking its head and chattering to itself, "that there is another person expected here?"

"Yes!" said the old woman, looking up into his face, and nodding.

"From whom you are to extract the intelligence that is to be useful to me?"

"Yes," said the old woman nodding again.

"A stranger?"

"Chut!" said the old woman, with a shrill laugh. "What signifies! Well, well; no. No stranger to your worship. But he won't see you. He'd be afraid of you, and wouldn't talk. You'll stand behind that door, and judge him for yourself. We don't ask to be believed on trust. What!

Your worship doubts the room behind the door? Oh the suspicion of you rich gentlefolks! Look at it, then."

Her sharp eye had detected an involuntary expression of this feeling on his part, which was not unreasonable under the circumstances. In satisfaction of it she now took the candle to the door she spoke of. Mr. Dombey looked in; assured himself that it was an empty, crazy room; and signed to her to put the light back in its place.

"How long," he asked, "before this person comes?"

"Not long," she answered. "Would your worship sit down for a few odd minutes."

He made no answer; but began pacing the room with an irresolute air, as if he were undecided whether to remain or depart, and as if he had some quarrel with himself for being there at all. But soon his tread grew slower and heavier, and his face more sternly thoughtful; as the object with which he had come, fixed itself in his mind, and dilated there again.

While he thus walked up and down with his eyes on the ground, Mrs. Brown, in the chair from which she had risen to receive him, sat listening anew. The monotony of his step, or the uncertainty of age, made her so slow of hearing, that a footfall without had sounded in her daughter's ears for some moments, and she had looked up hastily to warn her mother of its approach, before the old woman was roused by it. But then she started from her seat, and whispering "Here he is!" hurried her visitor to his place of observation, and put a bottle and glass upon the table, with such alacrity, as to be ready to fling her arms round the neck of Rob the Grinder on his appearance at the door.

"And here's my bonny boy," cried Mrs. Brown, "at last!—oho, oho! You're like my own son Robby!"

"Oh! Misses Brown!" remonstrated the Grinder. "Don't! Can't you be fond of a cove without squeedging and throttling of him! Take care of the birdcage in my hand, will you?"

"Thinks of a birdcage, afore me!" cried the old woman, apostrophizing the ceiling. "Me that feels more than a mother for him!"

"Well, I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you, Misses Brown," said the unfortunate youth, greatly aggravated; "but you're so jealous of a cove. I'm very fond of you myself, and all that, of course; but I don't smother you, do I, Misses Brown?"

He looked and spoke as if he would have been far from objecting to do so, however, on a favourable occasion.

"And to talk about birdcages, too!" whimpered the Grinder. "As if that was a crime! Why, look'ee here! Do you know who this belongs to?"

"To master, dear?" said the old woman with a grin.

"Ah!" replied the Grinder, lifting a large cage tied up in a wrapper, on the table, and untying it with his teeth and hands. "It's our parrot, this is."

"Mr. Carker's parrot, Rob?"

"Will you hold your tongue, Misses Brown?" returned the goaded Grinder. "What do you go naming names for? I'm blest," said Rob,



pulling his hair with both hands in the exasperation of his feelings, "if she an't enough to make a cove run wild!"

"What! Do you snub me, thankless boy!" cried the old woman, with ready vehemence.

"Good gracious, Misses Brown, no!" returned the Grinder, with tears in his eyes. "Was there ever such a!—— Don't I dote upon you, Misses Brown?"

"Do you, sweet Rob? Do you truly, chickabiddy?" With that, Mrs. Brown held him in her fond embrace once more; and did not release him until he had made several violent and ineffectual struggles with his legs, and his hair was standing on end all over his head.

"Oh!" returned the Grinder, "what a thing it is to be perfectly pitched into with affection like this here. I wish she was——. How have you been, Misses Brown?"

"Ah! Not here since this night week!" said the old woman, contemplating him with a look of reproach.

"Good gracious Misses Brown," returned the Grinder, "I said to-night's a week, that I'd come to-night, didn't I? And here I am. How you do go on! I wish you'd be a little rational, Misses Brown. I'm hoarse with saying things in my defence, and my very face is shiny with being hugged." He rubbed it hard with his sleeve, as if to remove the tender polish in question.

"Drink a little drop to comfort you, my Robin," said the old woman, filling the glass from the bottle and giving it to him.

"Thank'ee, Misses Brown," returned the Grinder. "Here's your health. And long may you—et cetera." Which, to judge from the expression of his face, did not include any very choice blessings. "And here's *her* health," said the Grinder, glancing at Alice, who sat with her eyes fixed, as it seemed to him, on the wall behind him, but in reality on Mr. Dombey's face at the door, "and wishing her the same and many of 'em!"

He drained the glass to these two sentiments, and set it down.

"Well, I say, Misses Brown!" he proceeded. "To go on a little rational now. You're a judge of birds, and up to their ways, as I know to my cost."

"Cost!" repeated Mrs. Brown.

"Satisfaction, I mean," returned the Grinder. "How you do take up a cove, Misses Brown! You've put it all out of my head again."

"Judge of birds, Robby," suggested the old woman.

"Ah!" said the Grinder, "Well, I've got to take care of this parrot—certain things being sold, and a certain establishment broke up—and as I don't want no notice took at present, I wish you'd attend to her for a week or so, and give her board and lodging, will you? If I *must* come backwards and forwards," mused the Grinder with a dejected face, "I may as well have something to come for."

"Something to come for?" screamed the old woman.

"Besides you, I mean, Misses Brown," returned the craven Rob. "Not that I want any inducement but yourself, Misses Brown, I'm sure. Don't begin again, for goodness sake."

"He don't care for me! He don't care for me, as I care for him!" cried Mrs. Brown, lifting up her skinny hands. "But I'll take care of his bird."

"Take good care of it too, you know, Mrs. Brown," said Rob, shaking his head. "If you was so much as to stroke its feathers once, the wrong way, I believe it would be found out."

"Ah, so sharp as that, Rob?" said Mrs. Brown, quickly.

"Sharp, Misses Brown!" repeated Rob. "But this is not to be talked about."

Checking himself abruptly, and not without a fearful glance across the room, Rob filled the glass again, and having slowly emptied it, shook his head, and began to draw his fingers across and across the wires of the parrot's cage, by way of a diversion from the dangerous theme that had just been broached.

The old woman eyed him slyly, and hitching her chair nearer his, and looking in at the parrot, who came down from the gilded dome at her call, said:

"Out of place now, Robby?"

"Never *you* mind, Misses Brown," returned the Grinder, shortly.

"Board wages perhaps, Rob?" said Mrs. Brown.

"Pretty Polly!" said the Grinder.

The old woman darted a glance at him that might have warned him to consider his ears in danger, but it was his turn to look in at the parrot now, and however expressive his imagination may have made her angry scowl, it was unseen by his bodily eyes.

"I wonder master didn't take you with him, Rob," said the old woman, in a wheedling voice, but with increased malignity of aspect.

Rob was so absorbed in contemplation of the parrot, and in trolling his forefinger on the wires, that he made no answer.

The old woman had her clutch within a hair's breadth of his shock of hair as it stooped over the table; but she restrained her fingers, and said, in a voice that choked with its efforts to be coaxing:

"Robby, my child."

"Well, Misses Brown," returned the Grinder.

"I say I wonder Master didn't take you with him, dear."

"Never *you* mind, Misses Brown," returned the Grinder.

Mrs. Brown instantly directed the clutch of her right hand at his hair, and the clutch of her left hand at his throat, and held on to the object of her fond affection with such extraordinary fury, that his face began to blacken in a moment.

"Misses Brown!" exclaimed the Grinder, "let go, will you! What are you doing of! Help, young woman! Misses Brow—Brow—!"

The young woman, however, equally unmoved by his direct appeal to her, and by his inarticulate utterance, remained quite neutral, until, after struggling with his assailant into a corner, Rob disengaged himself, and stood there panting and fenced in by his own elbows, while the old woman, panting too, and stamping with rage and eagerness, appeared to be collecting her energies for another swoop upon him. At this crisis Alice interposed her voice, but not in the Grinder's favour, by saying,

"Well done, Mother. Tear him to pieces!"



"What, young woman!" blubbered Rob; "are you against me too? What have I been and done? What am I to be tore to pieces for, I should like to know? Why do you take and choke a cove who has never done you any harm, neither of you? Call yourselves females, too!" said the frightened and afflicted Grinder, with his coat-cuff at his eye. "I'm surprised at you! Where's your feminine tenderness?"

"You thankless dog!" gasped Mrs. Brown. "You impudent, insulting dog!"

"What have I been and done to go and give you offence, Misses Brown?" retorted the tearful Rob. "You was very much attached to me a minute ago."

"To cut me off with his short answers and his sulky words," said the old woman. "Me! Because I happen to be curious to have a little bit of gossip about Master and the lady, to dare to play at fast and loose with me! But I'll talk to you no more, my lad. Now go!"

"I am sure, Misses Brown," returned the abject Grinder, "I never insinuated that I wished to go. Don't talk like that, Misses Brown, if you please."

"I won't talk at all," said Mrs. Brown, with an action of her crooked fingers that made him shrink into half his natural compass in the corner. "Not another word with him shall pass my lips. He's an ungrateful hound. I cast him off. Now let him go! And I'll slip those after him that shall talk too much; that won't be shook away; that'll hang to him like leeches, and slink arter him like foxes. What! He knows 'em. He knows his old games and his old ways. If he's forgotten 'em, they'll soon remind him. Now let him go, and see how he'll do Master's business, and keep Master's secrets, with such company always following him up and down. Ha, ha, ha! He'll find 'em a different sort from you and me, Ally; close as he is with you and me. Now let him go, now let him go!"

The old woman, to the unspeakable dismay of the Grinder, walked her twisted figure round and round, in a ring of some four feet in diameter, constantly repeating these words, and shaking her fist above her head, and working her mouth about.

"Misses Brown," pleaded Rob, coming a little out of his corner, "I'm sure you wouldn't injure a cove, on second thoughts, and in cold blood, would you?"

"Don't talk to me," said Mrs. Brown, still wrathfully pursuing her circle. "Now let him go, now let him go!"

"Misses Brown," urged the tormented Grinder, "I didn't mean to— Oh, what a thing it is for a cove to get into such a line as this!—I was only careful of talking, Misses Brown, because I always am, on account of his being up to everything; but I might have known it wouldn't have gone any further. I'm sure I'm quite agreeable," with a wretched face, "for any little bit of gossip, Misses Brown. Don't go on like this, if you please. Oh, couldn't you have the goodness to put in a word for a miserable cove, here!" said the Grinder, appealing in desperation to the daughter.

"Come mother, you hear what he says," she interposed, in her stern

voice, and with an impatient action of her head ; " try him once more, and if you fall out with him again, ruin him, if you like, and have done with him."

Mrs. Brown, moved as it seemed by this very tender exhortation, presently began to howl ; and softening by degrees, took the apologetic Grinder to her arms, who embraced her with a face of unutterable woe, and, like a victim as he was, resumed his former seat, close by the side of his venerable friend ; whom he suffered, not without much constrained sweetness of countenance, combating very expressive physiognomical revelations of an opposite character, to draw his arm through hers, and keep it there.

" And how 's Master, deary dear ? " said Mrs. Brown, when, sitting in this amicable posture, they had pledged each other.

" Hush ! If you 'd be so good, Misses Brown, as to speak a little lower," Rob implored. " Why, he 's pretty well, thankee, I suppose."

" You 're not out of place, Robby ? " said Mrs. Brown, in a wheedling tone.

" Why, I 'm not exactly out of place, nor in," faltered Rob. " I—I 'm still in pay, Misses Brown."

" And nothing to do, Rob ? "

" Nothing particular to do just now, Misses Brown, but to—keep my eyes open," said the Grinder, rolling them in a forlorn way.

" Master abroad, Rob ? "

" Oh, for goodness sake, Misses Brown, couldn't you gossip with a cove about anything else ! " cried the Grinder, in a burst of despair.

The impetuous Mrs. Brown rising directly, the tortured Grinder detained her, stammering " Ye-yes, Misses Brown, I believe he 's abroad. What 's she staring at ? " he added, in allusion to the daughter, whose eyes were fixed upon the face that now again looked out behind him.

" Don't mind her, lad," said the old woman, holding him closer to prevent his turning round. " It 's her way—her way. Tell me, Rob. Did you ever see the lady, deary ? "

" Oh, Misses Brown, what lady ? " cried the Grinder in a tone of piteous supplication.

" What lady ? " she retorted. " The lady ; Mrs Dombey."

" Yes, I believe I see her once," replied Rob.

" The night she went away, Robby, eh ? " said the old woman in his ear, and taking note of every change in his face. " Aha ! I know it was that night."

" Well, if you know it was that night, you know, Mrs. Brown," replied Rob, " it 's no use putting pinchers into a cove to make him say so."

" Where did they go that night, Rob ? Straight away ? How did they go ? Where did you see her ? Did she laugh ? Did she cry ? Tell me all about it," cried the old hag, holding him closer yet, patting the hand that was drawn through his arm against her other hand, and searching every line in his face with her bleared eyes. " Come ! Begin ! I want to be told all about it. What, Rob, boy ! You and me can keep a secret together, eh ? We 've done so before now. Where did they go first, Rob ? "



The wretched Grinder made a gasp, and a pause.

"Are you dumb?" said the old woman, angrily.

"Lord, Misses Brown, no! You expect a cove to be a flash of lightning. I wish I *was* the electric fluency," muttered the bewildered Grinder. "I'd have a shock at somebody, that would settle their business."

"What do you say?" asked the old woman, with a grin.

"I'm wishing my love to you, Misses Brown," returned the false Rob, seeking consolation in the glass. "Where did they go to first, was it! Him and her do you mean?"

"Ah!" said the old woman, eagerly. "Them two."

"Why, they didn't go nowhere—not together, I mean," answered Rob.

The old woman looked at him, as though she had a strong impulse upon her to make another clutch at his head and throat, but was restrained by a certain dogged mystery in his face.

"That was the art of it," said the reluctant Grinder; "that's the way nobody saw 'em go, or has been able to say how they did go. They went different ways, I tell you, Misses Brown."

"Ay, ay, ay! To meet at an appointed place," chuckled the old woman, after a moment's silent and keen scrutiny of his face.

"Why, if they weren't a going to meet somewhere, I suppose they might as well have stayed at home, mightn't they, Misses Brown?" returned the unwilling Grinder.

"Well, Rob? Well?" said the old woman, drawing his arm yet tighter through her own, as if, in her eagerness, she were afraid of his slipping away.

"What, haven't we talked enough yet, Misses Brown?" returned the Grinder, who between his sense of injury, his sense of liquor, and his sense of being on the rack, had become so lachrymose, that at almost every answer he scooped his coat-cuff into one or other of his eyes, and uttered an unavailing whine of remonstrance. "Did she laugh that night, was it? Didn't you ask if she laughed, Misses Brown?"

"Or cried?" added the old woman, nodding assent.

"Neither," said the Grinder. "She kept as steady when she and me—oh, I see you *will* have out of me, Misses Brown! But take your solemn oath now, that you'll never tell anybody."

This Mrs. Brown very readily did: being naturally Jesuitical; and having no other intention in the matter than that her concealed visitor should hear for himself.

"She kept as steady, then, when she and me went down to Southampton," said the Grinder, "as a image. In the morning she was just the same, Misses Brown. And when she went away in the packet before daylight, by herself—me pretending to be her servant, and seeing her safe aboard—she was just the same. *Now*, are you contented, Mrs. Brown?"

"No, Rob. Not yet," answered Mrs. Brown, decisively.

"Oh, here's a woman for you!" cried the unfortunate Rob, in an outburst of feeble lamentation over his own helplessness. "What did you wish to know next, Misses Brown?"

"What became of Master? Where did he go?" She inquired, still holding him tight, and looking close into his face, with her sharp eyes.

"Upon my soul, I don't know, Misses Brown," answered Rob. "Upon my soul I don't know what he did, nor where he went, nor anything about him. I only know what he said to me as a caution to hold my tongue, when we parted; and I tell you this, Mrs. Brown, as a friend, that sooner than ever repeat a word of what we're saying now, you had better take and shoot yourself, or shut yourself up in this house, and set it a-fire, for there's nothing he wouldn't do, to be revenged upon you. You don't know him half as well as I do, Misses Brown. You're never safe from him, I tell you."

"Haven't I taken an oath," retorted the old woman, "and won't I keep it?"

"Well, I'm sure I hope you will, Misses Brown," returned Rob, somewhat doubtfully, and not without a latent threatening in his manner. "For your own sake, quite as much as mine."

He looked at her as he gave her this friendly caution, and emphasized it with a nodding of his head; but finding it uncomfortable to encounter the yellow face with its grotesque action, and the ferret eyes with their keen old wintry gaze, so close to his own, he looked down uneasily and sat shuffling in his chair, as if he were trying to bring himself to a sullen declaration that he would answer no more questions. The old woman, still holding him as before, took this opportunity of raising the forefinger of her right hand, in the air, as a stealthy signal to the concealed observer to give particular attention to what was about to follow.

"Rob," she said, in her most coaxing tone.

"Good gracious Misses Brown, what's the matter now?" returned the exasperated Grinder.

"Rob! where did the lady and Master appoint to meet?"

Rob shuffled more and more, and looked up and looked down, and bit his thumb, and dried it on his waistcoat, and finally said, eyeing his tormentor askant, "How should I know, Misses Brown?"

The old woman held up her finger again, as before, and replying, "Come lad! It's no use leading me to that, and there leaving me. I want to know"—waited for his answer.

Rob after a discomfited pause, suddenly broke out with, "How can I pronounce the names of foreign places, Mrs. Brown? What an unreasonable woman you are!"

"But you have heard it said, Robby," she retorted firmly, "and you know what it sounded like. Come!"

"I never heard it said, Misses Brown," returned the Grinder.

"Then," retorted the old woman quickly, "you have seen it written, and you can spell it."

Rob, with a petulant exclamation between laughing and crying—for he was penetrated with some admiration of Mrs. Brown's cunning, even through this persecution—after some reluctant fumbling in his waistcoat pocket, produced from it a little piece of chalk. The old woman's eyes sparkled when she saw it between his thumb and finger, and hastily



clearing a space on the deal table, that he might write the word there, she once more made her signal with a shaking hand.

"Now I tell you before hand what it is, Misses Brown," said Rob, "it's no use asking me anything else. I won't answer anything else; I can't. How long it was to be before they met, or whose plan it was that they was to go away alone, I don't know no more than you do. I don't know any more about it. If I was to tell you how I found out this word, you'd believe that. Shall I tell you Misses Brown?"

"Yes, Rob."

"Well then Misses Brown. The way—now you won't ask any more, you know?" said Rob, turning his eyes, which were now fast getting drowsy and stupid, upon her.

"Not another word," said Mrs. Brown.

"Well then, the way was this. When a certain person left the lady with me, he put a piece of paper with a direction written on it in the lady's hand, saying it was in case she should forget. She wasn't afraid of forgetting, for she tore it up as soon as his back was turned, and when I put up the carriage steps, I shook out one of the pieces—she sprinkled the rest out of the window, I suppose, for there was none there afterwards, though I looked for 'em. There was only one word on it, and that was this, if you must and will know. But remember! You're upon your oath, Misses Brown!"

Mrs. Brown knew that, she said. Rob, having nothing more to say, began to chalk, slowly and laboriously, on the table.

"'D,'" the old woman read aloud, when he had formed the letter.

"Will you hold your tongue, Misses Brown?" he exclaimed, covering it with his hand, and turning impatiently upon her, "I won't have it read out. Be quiet, will you!"

"Then write large, Rob," she returned, repeating her secret signal; "for my eyes are not good, even at print."

Muttering to himself, and returning to his work with an ill will, Rob went on with the word. As he bent his head down, the person for whose information he so unconsciously laboured, moved from the door behind him to within a short stride of his shoulder, and looked eagerly towards the creeping track of his hand upon the table. At the same time, Alice, from her opposite chair, watched it narrowly as it shaped the letters, and repeated each one on her lips as he made it, without articulating it aloud. At the end of every letter her eyes and Mr. Dombey's met, as if each of them sought to be confirmed by the other; and thus they both spelt, D. I. J. O. N.

"There!" said the Grinder, moistening the palm of his hand hastily, to obliterate the word; and not content with smearing it out, rubbing and planing all trace of it away with his coat-sleeve, until the very colour of the chalk was gone from the table. "Now, I hope you're contented, Misses Brown!"

The old woman, in token of her being so, released his arm and patted his back; and the Grinder, overcome with mortification, cross-examination, and liquor, folded his arms on the table, laid his head upon them, and fell asleep.

Not until he had been heavily asleep sometime, and was snoring roundly, did the old woman turn towards the door where Mr. Dombey stood concealed, and beckon him to come through the room, and pass out. Even then, she hovered over Rob, ready to blind him with her hands, or strike his head down, if he should raise it while the secret step was crossing to the door. But though her glance took sharp cognizance of the sleeper, it was sharp too for the waking man; and when he touched her hand with his, and in spite of all his caution, made a chinking, golden sound, it was as bright and greedy as a raven's.

The daughter's dark gaze followed him to the door, and noted well how pale he was, and how his hurried tread indicated that the least delay was an insupportable restraint upon him, and how he was burning to be active and away. As he closed the door behind him, she looked round at her mother. The old woman trotted to her; opened her hand to show what was within; and, tightly closing it again in her jealousy and avarice, whispered:

"What will he do, Ally?"

"Mischief," said the daughter.

"Murder?" asked the old woman.

"He's a madman, in his wounded pride, and may do that, for anything we can say, or he either."

Her glance was brighter than her mother's, and the fire that shone in it was fiercer; but her face was colourless, even to her lips.

They said no more, but sat apart: the mother communing with her money; the daughter with her thoughts; the glance of each, shining in the gloom of the feebly-lighted room. Rob slept and snored. The disregarded parrot only was in action. It twisted and pulled at the wires of its cage, with its crooked beak, and crawled up to the dome, and along its roof like a fly, and down again head foremost, and shook, and bit, and rattled at every slender bar, as if it knew its master's danger, and was wild to force a passage out, and fly away to warn him of it.

---

## CHAPTER LIII.

### MORE INTELLIGENCE.

THERE were two of the traitor's own blood—his renounced brother and sister—on whom the weight of his guilt rested almost more heavily, at this time, than on the man whom he had so deeply injured. Prying and tormenting as the world was, it did Mr. Dombey the service of nerving him to pursuit and revenge. It roused his passion, stung his pride, twisted the one idea of his life into a new shape, and made some gratification of his wrath, the object into which his whole intellectual existence resolved itself. All the stubbornness and implacability of his nature, all its hard impenetrable quality, all its gloom and moroseness, all its exaggerated sense of personal importance, all its jealous disposition to resent the least flaw in the ample recognition of his import-



ance by others, set this way like many streams united into one, and bore him on upon their tide. The most impetuously passionate and violently impulsive of mankind would have been a milder enemy to encounter than the sullen Mr. Dombey wrought to this. A wild beast would have been easier turned or soothed than the grave gentleman without a wrinkle in his starched cravat.

But the very intensity of his purpose became almost a substitute for action in it. While he was yet uninformed of the traitor's retreat, it served to divert his mind from his own calamity, and to entertain it with another prospect. The brother and sister of his false favourite had no such relief; everything in their history, past and present, gave his delinquency a more afflicting meaning to them.

The sister may have sometimes sadly thought that if she had remained with him, the companion and friend she had been once, he might have escaped the crime into which he had fallen. If she ever thought so, it was still without regret for what she had done, without the least doubt of her duty, without any pricing or enhancing of her self-devotion. But when this possibility presented itself to the erring and repentant brother, as it sometimes did, it smote upon his heart with such a keen, reproachful touch, as he could hardly bear. No idea of retort upon his cruel brother, came into his mind. New accusation of himself, fresh inward lamentings over his own unworthiness, and the ruin in which it was at once his consolation and his self-reproach that he did not stand alone, were the sole kind of reflections to which the discovery gave rise in him.

It was on the very same day whose evening set upon the last chapter, and when Mr. Dombey's world was busiest with the elopement of his wife, that the window of the room in which the brother and sister sat at their early breakfast, was darkened by the unexpected shadow of a man coming to the little porch: which man was Perch the Messenger.

"I've stepped over from Ball's Pond at a early hour," said Mr. Perch, confidentially looking in at the room door, and stopping on the mat to wipe his shoes all round, which had no mud upon them, "agreeable to my instructions last night. They was, to be sure and bring a note to you, Mr. Carker, before you went out in the morning. I should have been here a good hour and a half ago," said Mr. Perch, meekly, "but for the state of health of Mrs. P., who I thought I should have lost in the night, I do assure you, five distinct times."

"Is your wife so ill?" asked Harriet.

"Why, you see," said Mr. Perch, first turning round to shut the door carefully, "she takes what has happened in our House so much to heart, Miss. Her nerves is so very delicate you see, and soon unstrung! Not but what the strongest nerves had good need to be shook, I'm sure. You feel it very much yourself, no doubts."

Harriet repressed a sigh, and glanced at her brother.

"I'm sure I feel it myself, in my humble way," Mr. Perch went on to say, with a shake of his head, "in a manner I couldn't have believed if I hadn't been called upon to undergo. It has almost the effect of drink upon me. I literally feels every morning as if I had been taking more than was good for me over-night."

Mr. Perch's appearance corroborated this recital of his symptoms. There was an air of feverish lassitude about it, that seemed referable to drams; and which, in fact, might no doubt have been traced to those numerous discoveries of himself in the bars of public-houses, being treated and questioned, which he was in the daily habit of making.

"Therefore I can judge," said Mr. Perch, shaking his head again, and speaking in a silvery murmur, "of the feelings of such as is at all peculiarly situated in this most painful revelation."

Here Mr. Perch waited to be confided in; and receiving no confidence, coughed behind his hand. This leading to nothing, he coughed behind his hat; and that leading to nothing, he put his hat on the ground and sought in his breast pocket for the letter.

"If I rightly recollect, there was no answer," said Mr. Perch, with an affable smile; "but perhaps you'll be so good as cast your eye over it, Sir."

John Carker broke the seal, which was Mr. Dombey's, and possessing himself of the contents, which were very brief, replied, "No. No answer is expected."

"Then I shall wish you good morning, Miss," said Perch, taking a step toward the door, "and hoping, I'm sure, that you'll not permit yourself to be more reduced in mind than you can help, by the late painful revelation. The Papers," said Mr. Perch, taking two steps back again, and comprehensively addressing both the brother and sister in a whisper of increased mystery, "is more eager for news of it than you'd suppose possible. One of the Sunday ones, in a blue cloak and a white hat, that had previously offered for to bribe me—need I say with what success?—was dodging about our court last night as late as twenty minutes after eight o'clock. I see him, myself, with his eye at the counting-house keyhole, which being patent is impervious. Another one," said Mr. Perch, "with military frogs, is in the parlour of the King's Arms all the blessed day. I happened, last week, to let a little observation fall there, and next morning, which was Sunday, I see it worked up in print, in a most surprising manner."

Mr. Perch resorted to his breast pocket, as if to produce the paragraph, but receiving no encouragement, pulled out his beaver gloves, picked up his hat, and took his leave; and before it was high noon, Mr. Perch had related to several select audiences at the King's Arms and elsewhere, how Miss Carker, bursting into tears, had caught him by both hands, and said, "Oh! dear dear Perch, the sight of you is all the comfort I have left!" and how Mr. John Carker had said, in an awful voice, "Perch, I disown him. Never let me hear him mentioned as a brother more!"

"Dear John," said Harriet, when they were left alone, and had remained silent for some few moments. "There are bad tidings in that letter."

"Yes. But nothing unexpected," he replied. "I saw the writer yesterday."

"The writer?"

"Mr. Dombey. He passed twice through the counting-house while I was there. I had been able to avoid him before, but of course could not



hope to do that long. I know how natural it was that he should regard my presence as something offensive; I felt it must be so, myself."

"He did not say so?"

"No; he said nothing: but I saw that his glance rested on me for a moment, and I was prepared for what would happen—for what *has* happened. I am dismissed!"

She looked as little shocked and as hopeful as she could, but it was distressing news, for many reasons.

"I need not tell you," said John Carker, reading the letter, "'why your name would henceforth have an unnatural sound, in however remote a connexion with mine, or why the daily sight of any one who bears it, would be unendurable to me. I have to notify the cessation of all engagements between us, from this date, and to request that no renewal of any communication with me, or my establishment, be ever attempted by you.'—Enclosed, is an equivalent in money to a generously long notice, and this is my discharge. Heaven knows, Harriet, it is a lenient and considerate one, when we remember all!"

"If it be lenient and considerate to punish you at all, John, for the misdeed of another," she replied gently, "yes."

"We have been an ill-omened race to him," said John Carker. "He has reason to shrink from the sound of our name, and to think that there is something cursed and wicked in our blood. I should almost think it too, Harriet, but for you."

"Brother, don't speak like this. If you have any special reason, as you say you have, and think you have—though I say, No!—to love me, spare me the hearing of such wild mad words!"

He covered his face with both his hands; but soon permitted her, coming near him, to take one in her own.

"After so many years, this parting is a melancholy thing I know," said his sister, "and the cause of it is dreadful to us both. We have to live, too, and must look about us for the means. Well, well! We can do so, undismayed. It is our pride, not our trouble, to strive, John, and to strive together."

A smile played on her lips, as she kissed his cheek, and entreated him to be of good cheer.

"Oh, dearest sister! Tied, of your own noble will, to a ruined man! whose reputation is blighted; who has no friend himself, and has driven every friend of yours away!"

"John!" she laid her hand hastily upon his lips, "for my sake! In remembrance of our long companionship!" He was silent. "Now, let me tell you, dear," quietly sitting by his side. "I have, as you have, expected this; and when I have been thinking of it, and fearing that it would happen, and preparing myself for it, as well as I could, I have resolved to tell you, if it should be so, that I have kept a secret from you, and that we *have* a friend."

"What is our friend's name, Harriet?" he answered, with a sorrowful smile.

"Indeed I don't know, but he once made a very earnest protestation to me of his friendship and his wish to serve us: and to this day I believe him."

"Harriet!" exclaimed her wondering brother, "where does this friend live?"

"Neither do I know that," she returned. "But he knows us both, and our history—all our little history, John. That is the reason why, at his own suggestion, I have kept the secret of his coming here, from you, lest his acquaintance with it should distress you."

"Here! Has he been here, Harriet?"

"Here, in this room. Once."

"What kind of man?"

"Not young. 'Grey-headed,' as he said, 'and fast growing greyer.' But generous, and frank, and good, I am sure."

"And only seen once, Harriet?"

"In this room only once," said his sister, with the slightest and most transient glow upon her cheek; "but, when here, he entreated me to suffer him to see me once a week as he passed by, in token of our being well, and continuing to need nothing at his hands. For I told him, when he proffered us any service he could render—which was the object of his visit—that we needed nothing."

"And once a week—"

"Once every week since then, and always on the same day, and at the same hour, he has gone past; always on foot; always going in the same direction—towards London; and never pausing longer than to bow to me, and wave his hand cheerfully, as a kind guardian might. He made that promise when he proposed these curious interviews, and has kept it so faithfully and pleasantly, that if I ever felt any trifling uneasiness about them in the beginning (which I don't think I did, John; his manner was so plain and true) it very soon vanished, and left me quite glad when the day was coming. Last Monday—the first since this terrible event—he did not go by; and I have wondered whether his absence can have been in any way connected with what has happened."

"How?" inquired her brother.

"I don't know how. I have only speculated on the coincidence; I have not tried to account for it. I feel sure he will return. When he does, dear John, let me tell him that I have at last spoken to you, and let me bring you together. He will certainly help us to a new livelihood. His entreaty was that he might do something to smooth my life and yours; and I gave him my promise that if we ever wanted a friend, I would remember him. Then, his name was to be no secret."

"Harriet," said her brother, who had listened with close attention, "describe this gentleman to me. I surely ought to know one who knows me so well."

His sister painted, as vividly as she could, the features, stature, and dress of her visitor; but John Carker, either from having no knowledge of the original, or from some fault in her description, or from some abstraction of his thoughts as he walked to and fro, pondering, could not recognise the portrait she presented to him.

However, it was agreed between them that he should see the original when he next appeared. This concluded, the sister applied herself, with a less anxious breast, to her domestic occupations; and the grey-haired



man, late Junior of Dombey's, devoted the first day of his unwonted liberty to working in the garden.

It was quite late at night, and the brother was reading aloud while the sister plied her needle, when they were interrupted by a knocking at the door. In the atmosphere of vague anxiety and dread that lowered about them in connexion with their fugitive brother, this sound, unusual there, became almost alarming. The brother going to the door, the sister sat and listened timidly. Some one spoke to him, and he replied, and seemed surprised; and after a few words, the two approached together.

"Harriet," said her brother, lighting in their late visitor, and speaking in a low voice, "Mr. Morfin—the gentleman so long in Dombey's house with James."

His sister started back, as if a ghost had entered. In the doorway stood the unknown friend, with the dark hair sprinkled with grey, the ruddy face, the broad clear brow, and hazel eyes, whose secret she had kept so long!

"John!" she said, half breathless. "It is the gentleman I told you of, to-day!"

"The gentleman, Miss Harriet," said the visitor, coming in—for he had stopped a moment in the doorway; "is greatly relieved to hear you say that: he has been devising ways and means, all the way here, of explaining himself, and has been satisfied with none. Mr. John, I am not quite a stranger here. You were stricken with astonishment when you saw me at your door just now. I observe you are more astonished at present. Well! That's reasonable enough under existing circumstances. If we were not such creatures of habit as we are, we shouldn't have reason to be astonished half so often."

By this time, he had greeted Harriet with that agreeable mingling of cordiality and respect which she recollected so well, and had sat down near her, pulled off his gloves, and thrown them into his hat upon the table.

"There's nothing astonishing," he said, "in my having conceived a desire to see your sister, Mr. John, or in my having gratified it in my own way. As to the regularity of my visits since (which she may have mentioned to you), there is nothing extraordinary in that. They soon grew into a habit; and we are creatures of habit—creatures of habit!"

Putting his hands into his pockets, and leaning back in his chair, he looked at the brother and sister as if it were interesting to him to see them together; and went on to say, with a kind of irritable thoughtfulness:

"It's this same habit that confirms some of us, who are capable of better things, in Lucifer's own pride and stubbornness—that confirms and deepens others of us in villainy—more of us in indifference—that hardens us, from day to day, according to the temper of our clay, like images, and leaves us as susceptible as images to new impressions and convictions. You shall judge of its influence on me, John. For more years than I need name, I had my small, and exactly-defined share, in the management of Dombey's house, and saw your brother (who has proved himself a scoundrel! Your sister will forgive my being obliged to mention it) extending and extending his influence, until the business and its owner were his football; and

saw you toiling at your obscure desk every day; and was quite content to be as little troubled as I might be, out of my own strip of duty, and to let everything about me go on, day by day, unquestioned, like a great machine—that was its habit and mine—and to take it all for granted, and consider it all right. My Wednesday nights came regularly round, our quartette parties came regularly off, my violoncello was in good tune, and there was nothing wrong in my world—or, if anything, not much—or little or much, it was no affair of mine.”

“I can answer for your being more respected and beloved during all that time than anybody in the House, Sir,” said John Carker.

“Pooh! Good-natured and easy enough, I dare say,” returned the other, “a habit I had. It suited the Manager: it suited the man he managed: it suited me best of all. I did what was allotted to me to do, made no court to either of them, and was glad to occupy a station in which none was required. So I should have gone on till now, but that my room had a thin wall. You can tell your sister that it was divided from the Manager’s room by a wainscot partition.”

“They were adjoining rooms; had been one, perhaps, originally; and were separated, as Mr. Morfin says,” said her brother, looking back to him for the resumption of his explanation.

“I have whistled, hummed tunes, gone accurately through the whole of Beethoven’s Sonata in B, to let him know that I was within hearing,” said Mr. Morfin; “but he never heeded me. It happened seldom enough that I was within hearing of anything of a private nature, certainly. But when I was, and couldn’t otherwise avoid knowing something of it, I walked out. I walked out once, John, during a conversation between two brothers, to which, in the beginning, young Walter Gay was a party. But I overheard some of it before I left the room. You remember it sufficiently, perhaps, to tell your sister what its nature was?”

“It referred, Harriet,” said her brother, in a low voice, “to the past, and to our relative positions in the House.”

“Its matter was not new to me, but was presented in a new aspect. It shook me in my habit—the habit of nine-tenths of the world—of believing that all was right about me, because I was used to it,” said their visitor; “and induced me to recal the history of the two brothers, and to ponder on it. I think it was almost the first time in my life when I fell into this train of reflection—how will many things that are familiar, and quite matters of course to us now, look, when we come to see them from that new and distant point of view which we must all take up, one day or other? I was something less good-natured, as the phrase goes, after that morning, less easy and complacent altogether.”

He sat for a minute or so, drumming with one hand on the table; and resumed in a hurry, as if he were anxious to get rid of his confession.

“Before I knew what to do, or whether I could do anything, there was a second conversation between the same two brothers, in which their sister was mentioned. I had no scruples of conscience in suffering all the waifs and strays of that conversation to float to me as freely as they would. I considered them mine by right. After that, I came here to see the sister for myself. The first time I stopped at the garden gate, I



made a pretext of inquiring into the character of a poor neighbour ; but I wandered out of that tract, and I think Miss Harriet mistrusted me. The second time I asked leave to come in ; came in ; and said what I wished to say. Your sister showed me reasons which I dared not dispute, for receiving no assistance from me then ; but I established a means of communication between us, which remained unbroken until within these few days, when I was prevented, by important matters that have lately devolved upon me, from maintaining them."

"How little I have suspected this," said John Carker, "when I have seen you every day, Sir ! If Harriet could have guessed your name—"

"Why, to tell you the truth, John," interposed the visitor, "I kept it to myself for two reasons. I don't know that the first might have been binding alone ; but one has no business to take credit for good intentions, and I made up my mind, at all events, not to disclose myself until I should be able to do you some real service or other. My second reason was, that I always hoped there might be some lingering possibility of your brother's relenting towards you both ; and in that case, I felt that where there was the chance of a man of his suspicious, watchful character, discovering that you had been secretly befriended by me, there was the chance of a new and fatal cause of division. I resolved, to be sure, at the risk of turning his displeasure against myself—which would have been no matter—to watch my opportunity of serving you with the head of the House ; but the distractions of death, courtship, marriage, and domestic unhappiness, have left us no head but your brother for this long, long time. And it would have been better for us," said the visitor, dropping his voice, "to have been a lifeless trunk."

He seemed conscious that these latter words had escaped him against his will, and, stretching out a hand to the brother, and a hand to the sister, continued :

"All I could desire to say, and more, I have now said. All I mean goes beyond words, as I hope you understand and believe. The time has come, John—though most unfortunately and unhappily come—when I may help you without interfering with that redeeming struggle, which has lasted through so many years ; since you were discharged from it to-day by no act of your own. It is late ; I need say no more to-night. You will guard the treasure you have here, without advice or reminder from me."

With these words he rose to go.

"But go you first, John," he said good-humouredly, "with a light, without saying what you want to say, whatever that may be ;" John Carker's heart was full, and he would have relieved it in speech, if he could ; "and let me have a word with your sister. We have talked alone before, and in this room too ; though it looks more natural with you here."

Following him out with his eyes, he turned kindly to Harriet, and said in a lower voice, and with an altered and graver manner :

"You wish to ask me something of the man whose sister it is your misfortune to be."

"I dread to ask," said Harriet.

"You have looked so earnestly at me more than once," rejoined the visitor, "that I think I can divine your question. Has he taken money? Is it that?"

"Yes."

"He has not."

"I thank Heaven!" said Harriet. "For the sake of John!"

"That he has abused his trust in many ways," said Mr. Morfin; "that he has oftener dealt and speculated to advantage for himself, than for the House he represented; that he has led the House on, to prodigious ventures, often resulting in enormous losses; that he has always pampered the vanity and ambition of his employer, when it was his duty to have held them in check, and shown, as it was in his power to do, to what they tended here or there; will not perhaps surprise you now. Undertakings have been entered on, to swell the reputation of the House for vast resources, and to exhibit it in magnificent contrast to other merchants' houses, of which it requires a steady head to contemplate the possibly—a few disastrous changes of affairs might render them the probably—ruinous consequences. In the midst of the many transactions of the House, in most parts of the world: a great labyrinth of which only he has held the clue: he has had the opportunity, and he seems to have used it, of keeping the various results afloat, when ascertained, and substituting estimates and generalities for facts. But latterly—you follow me, Miss Harriet?"

"Perfectly, perfectly," she answered, with her frightened face fixed on his. "Pray tell me all the worst at once."

"Latterly, he appears to have devoted the greatest pains to making these results so plain and clear, that reference to the private books enables one to grasp them, numerous and varying as they are, with extraordinary ease. As if he had resolved to show his employer at one broad view what has been brought upon him by ministration to his ruling passion! That it has been his constant practice to minister to that passion basely, and to flatter it corruptly, is indubitable. In that, his criminality, as it is connected with the affairs of the House, chiefly consists."

"One other word before you leave me, dear Sir," said Harriet. "There is no danger in all this?"

"How danger?" he returned, with a little hesitation.

"To the credit of the House?"

"I cannot help answering you plainly, and trusting you completely," said Mr. Morfin, after a moment's survey of her face.

"You may. Indeed you may!"

"I am sure I may. Danger to the House's credit? No; none. There may be difficulty, greater or less difficulty, but no danger, unless—unless, indeed—the head of the House, unable to bring his mind to the reduction of its enterprises, and positively refusing to believe that it is, or can be, in any position but the position in which he has always represented it to himself, should urge it beyond its strength. Then it would totter."

"But there is no apprehension of that?" said Harriet.

"There shall be no half-confidence," he replied, shaking her hand, "between us. Mr. Dombey is unapproachable by any one, and his state of mind is haughty, rash, unreasonable, and ungovernable, now. But he is disturbed



and agitated now beyond all common bounds, and it may pass. You now know all, both worst and best. No more to-night, and good night !”

With that he kissed her hand, and passing out to the door where her brother stood awaiting his coming, put him cheerfully aside when he essayed to speak ; told him that as they would see each other soon and often, he might speak at another time, if he would, but there was no leisure for it then ; and went away at a round pace, in order that no word of gratitude might follow him.

The brother and sister sat conversing by the fireside, until it was almost day ; made sleepless by this glimpse of the new world that opened before them, and feeling like two people shipwrecked long ago, upon a solitary coast, to whom a ship had come at last, when they were old in resignation, and had lost all thought of any other home. But another and different kind of disquietude kept them waking too. The darkness out of which this light had broken on them, gathered around ; and the shadow of their guilty brother was in the house where his foot had never trod.

Nor was it to be driven out, nor did it fade before the sun. Next morning it was there ; at noon ; at night. Darkest and most distinct at night, as is now to be told.

John Carker had gone out, in pursuance of a letter of appointment from their friend, and Harriet was left in the house alone. She had been alone, some hours. A dull, grave evening, and a deepening twilight, were not favourable to the removal of the oppression on her spirits. The idea of this brother, long unseen and unknown, flitted about her in frightful shapes. He was dead, dying, calling to her, staring at her, frowning on her. The pictures in her mind were so obtrusive and exact, that as the twilight deepened, she dreaded to raise her head and look at the dark corners of the room, lest his wraith, the offspring of her excited imagination, should be waiting there, to startle her. Once, she had such a fancy of his being in the next room, hiding—though she knew quite well what a distempered fancy it was, and had no belief in it—that she forced herself to go there, for her own conviction. But in vain. The room resumed its shadowy terrors, the moment she left it ; and she had no more power to divest herself of these vague impressions of dread, than if they had been stone giants, rooted in the solid earth.

It was almost dark, and she was sitting near the window, with her head upon her hand, looking down, when, sensible of a sudden increase in the gloom of the apartment, she raised her eyes, and uttered an involuntary cry. Close to the glass, a pale scared face gazed in ; vacantly, for an instant, as searching for an object ; then the eyes rested on herself, and lighted up.

“ Let me in ! Let me in ! I want to speak to you ! ” and the hand rattled on the glass.

She recognised immediately the woman with the long dark hair, to whom she had given warmth, food, and shelter, one wet night. Naturally afraid of her, remembering her violent behaviour, Harriet, retreating a little from the window, stood undecided and alarmed.

“ Let me in ! Let me speak to you ! I am thankful—quiet—humble—anything you like. But let me speak to you.”

The vehement manner of the entreaty, the earnest expression of the face, the trembling of the two hands that were raised imploringly, a certain dread and terror in the voice akin to her own condition at the moment, prevailed with Harriet. She hastened to the door and opened it.

"May I come in, or shall I speak here?" said the woman, catching at her hand.

"What is it that you want? What is it that you have to say?"

"Not much, but let me say it out, or I shall never say it. I am tempted now to go away. There seem to be hands dragging me from the door. Let me come in, if you can trust me for this once!"

Her energy again prevailed, and they passed into the fire-light of the little kitchen, where she had before sat, and ate, and dried her clothes.

"Sit there," said Alice, kneeling down beside her, "and look at me. You remember me?"

"I do."

"You remember what I told you I had been, and where I came from, ragged and lame, with the fierce wind and weather beating on my head?"

"Yes."

"You know how I came back that night, and threw your money in the dirt, and cursed you and your race. Now, see me here, upon my knees. Am I less earnest now, than I was then?"

"If what you ask," said Harriet, gently, "is forgiveness—"

"But it's not!" returned the other, with a proud, fierce look. "What I ask is, to be believed. Now you shall judge if I am worthy of belief, both as I was, and as I am."

Still upon her knees, and with her eyes upon the fire, and the fire shining on her ruined beauty and her wild black hair, one long tress of which she pulled over her shoulder, and wound about her hand, and thoughtfully bit and tore while speaking, she went on:

"When I was young and pretty, and this," plucking contemptuously at the hair she held, "was only handled delicately, and couldn't be admired enough, my mother, who had not been very mindful of me as a child, found out my merits, and was fond of me, and proud of me. She was covetous and poor, and thought to make a sort of property of me. No great lady ever thought that of a daughter yet, I'm sure, or acted as if she did—it's never done, we all know—and that shows that the only instances of mothers bringing up their daughters wrong, and evil coming of it, are among such miserable folks as us."

Looking at the fire, as if she were forgetful, for the moment, of having any auditor, she continued in a dreamy way, as she wound the long tress of hair tight round and round her hand.

"What came of that, I needn't say. Wretched marriages don't come of such things, in our degree; only wretchedness and ruin. Wretchedness and ruin came on me—came on me."

Raising her eyes swiftly from their moody gaze upon the fire, to Harriet's face, she said—

"I am wasting time, and there is none to spare; yet if I hadn't thought of all, I shouldn't be here now. Wretchedness and ruin came on me, I



say. I was made a short-lived toy, and flung aside more cruelly and carelessly than even such things are. By whose hand do you think?"

"Why do you ask me?" said Harriet.

"Why do you tremble?" rejoined Alice, with an eager look. "His usage made a Devil of me. I sunk in wretchedness and ruin, lower and lower yet. I was concerned in a robbery—in every part of it but the gains—and was found out, and sent to be tried, without a friend, without a penny. Though I was but a girl, I would have gone to Death, sooner than ask him for a word, if a word of his could have saved me. I would! To any death that could have been invented. But my mother, covetous always, sent to him in my name, told the true story of my case, and humbly prayed and petitioned for a small last gift—for not so many pounds as I have fingers on this hand. Who was it do you think, who snapped his fingers at me in my misery, lying, as he believed, at his feet, and left me without even this poor sign of remembrance; well satisfied that I should be sent abroad, beyond the reach of further trouble to him, and should die, and rot there? Who was this, do you think?"

"Why do you ask me?" repeated Harriet.

"Why do you tremble?" said Alice, laying her hand upon her arm, and looking in her face, "but that the answer is on your lips! It was your brother James."

Harriet trembled more and more, but did not avert her eyes from the eager look that rested on them.

"When I knew you were his sister—which was on that night—I came back, weary and lame, to spurn your gift. I felt that night as if I could have travelled, weary and lame, over the whole world, to stab him, if I could have found him in a lonely place with no one near. Do you believe that I was earnest in all that?"

"I do! Good Heaven, why are you come again?"

"Since then," said Alice, with the same grasp of her arm, and the same look in her face, "I have seen him! I have followed him with my eyes, in the broad day. If any spark of my resentment slumbered in my bosom, it sprung into a blaze when my eyes rested on him. You know he has wronged a proud man, and made him his deadly enemy. What if I had given information of him to that man?"

"Information!" repeated Harriet.

"What if I had found out one who knew your brother's secret; who knew the manner of his flight; who knew where he and the companion of his flight were gone? What if I had made him utter all his knowledge, word by word, before this enemy, concealed to hear it? What if I had sat by at the time, looking into this enemy's face, and seeing it change till it was scarcely human? What if I had seen him rush away, mad, in pursuit? What if I knew, now, that he was on his road, more fiend than man, and must, in so many hours, come up with him?"

"Remove your hand!" said Harriet, recoiling. "Go away! Your touch is dreadful to me!"

"I have done this," pursued the other, with her eager look, regardless of the interruption. "Do I speak and look as if I really had? Do you believe what I am saying?"

"I fear I must. Let my arm go!"

"Not yet. A moment more. You can think what my revengeful purpose must have been, to last so long, and urge me to do this?"

"Dreadful!" said Harriet.

"Then when you see me now," said Alice, hoarsely, "here again, kneeling quietly on the ground, with my touch upon your arm, with my eyes upon your face, you may believe that there is no common earnestness in what I say, and that no common struggle has been battling in my breast. I am ashamed to speak the words, but I relent. I despise myself; I have fought with myself all day, and all last night; but I relent towards him without reason, and wish to repair what I have done, if it is possible. I wouldn't have them come together while his pursuer is so blind, and headlong. If you had seen him as he went out last night, you would know the danger better."

"How shall it be prevented! What can I do!" cried Harriet.

"All night long," pursued the other, hurriedly, "I had dreams of him—and yet I didn't sleep—in his blood. All day, I have had him near me."

"What can I do!" said Harriet, shuddering at these words.

"If there is any one who'll write, or send, or go to him, let them lose no time. He is at Dijon. Do you know the name, and where it is?"

"Yes!"

"Warn him that the man he has made his enemy is in a frenzy, and that he doesn't know him if he makes light of his approach. Tell him that he is on the road—I know he is!—and hurrying on. Urge him to get away while there is time—if there *is* time—and not to meet him yet. A month or so, will make years of difference. Let them not encounter, through me. Anywhere but there! Any time but now! Let his foe follow him, and find him for himself, but not through me! There is enough upon my head without."

The fire ceased to be reflected in her jet black hair, uplifted face, and eager eyes; her hand was gone from Harriet's arm; and the place where she had been, was empty.

---

## CHAPTER LIV.

### THE FUGITIVES.

THE time, an hour short of midnight; the place, a French Apartment, comprising some half-dozen rooms;—a dull cold hall or corridor, a dining-room, a drawing-room, a bed-chamber, and an inner drawing-room, or boudoir, smaller and more retired than the rest. All these shut in by one large pair of doors on the main staircase, but each room provided with two or three pairs of doors of its own, establishing several means of communication with the remaining portion of the apartment, or with certain small passages within the wall, leading, as is not unusual in such houses, to some back stairs with an obscure outlet below. The whole situated on the first floor of so large an Hotel, that it did not absorb one entire row



of windows upon one side of the square court-yard in the centre, upon which the whole four sides of the mansion looked.

An air of splendour, sufficiently faded to be melancholy, and sufficiently dazzling to clog and embarrass the details of life with a show of state, reigned in these rooms. The walls and ceilings were gilded and painted; the floors were waxed and polished; crimson drapery hung in festoons from window, door, and mirror; and candelabra, gnarled and intertwisted like the branches of trees, or horns of animals, stuck out from the panels of the wall. But in the day-time, when the lattice-blinds (now closely shut) were opened, and the light let in, traces were discernible among this finery, of wear and tear and dust, of sun and damp and smoke, and lengthened intervals of want of use and habitation, when such shows and toys of life seem sensitive like life, and waste as men shut up in prison do. Even night, and clusters of burning candles, could not wholly efface them, though the general glitter threw them in the shade.

The glitter of bright tapers, and their reflection in looking-glasses, scraps of gilding, and gay colours, were confined, on this night, to one room—that smaller room within the rest, just now enumerated. Seen from the hall, where a lamp was feebly burning, through the dark perspective of open doors, it looked as shining and precious as a gem. In the heart of its radiance sat a beautiful woman—Edith.

She was alone. The same defiant, scornful woman still. The cheek a little worn, the eye a little larger in appearance, and more lustrous, but the haughty bearing just the same. No shame upon her brow; no late repentance bending her disdainful neck. Imperious and stately yet, and yet regardless of herself and of all else, she sat with her dark eyes cast down, waiting for some one.

No book, no work, no occupation of any kind but her own thoughts, beguiled the tardy time. Some purpose, strong enough to fill up any pause, possessed her. With her lips pressed together, and quivering if for a moment she released them from her control; with her nostril inflated; her hands clasped in one another; and her purpose swelling in her breast; she sat, and waited.

At the sound of a key in the outer door, and a footstep in the hall, she started up, and cried "Who's that?" The answer was in French, and two men came in with jingling trays, to make preparation for supper.

"Who had bade them do so?" she asked.

"Monsieur had commanded it, when it was his pleasure to take the apartment. Monsieur had said, when he stayed there, for an hour, *en route*, and left the letter for Madame—Madame had received it, surely?"

"Yes."

"A thousand pardons! The sudden apprehension that it might have been forgotten had struck him;" a bald man, with a large beard, from a neighbouring *restaurant*; "with despair! Monsieur had said that supper was to be ready at that hour: also that he had forewarned Madame of the commands he had given, in his letter. Monsieur had done the Golden Head the honour to request that the supper should be choice and delicate. Monsieur would find that his confidence in the Golden Head was not misplaced."

Edith said no more, but looked on thoughtfully while they prepared the table for two persons, and set the wine upon it. She arose before they had finished, and taking a lamp, passed into the bed-chamber and into the drawing-room, where she hurriedly but narrowly examined all the doors; particularly one in the former room that opened on the passage in the wall. From this she took the key, and put it on the outer side. She then came back.

The men—the second of whom was a dark, bilious subject, in a jacket, close shaved, and with a black head of hair close cropped—had completed their preparation of the table, and were standing looking at it. He who had spoken before, inquired whether Madame thought it would be long before Monsieur arrived?

"She couldn't say. It was all one."

"Pardon! There was the supper! It should be eaten on the instant. Monsieur (who spoke French like an Angel—or a Frenchman—it was all the same) had spoken with great emphasis of his punctuality. But the English nation had so grand a genius for punctuality. Ah! what noise! Great Heaven, here was Monsieur. Behold him!"

In effect, Monsieur, admitted by the other of the two, came, with his gleaming teeth, through the dark rooms, like a mouth; and arriving in that sanctuary of light and colour, a figure at full length, embraced Madame, and addressed her in the French tongue as his charming wife.

"My God! Madame is going to faint. Madame is overcome with joy!" The bald man with the beard observed it, and cried out.

Madame had only shrunk and shivered. Before the words were spoken, she was standing with her hand upon the velvet back of a great chair; her figure drawn up to its full height, and her face immovable.

"François has flown over to the Golden Head for supper. He flies on these occasions like an angel or a bird. The baggage of Monsieur is in his room. All is arranged. The supper will be here this moment." These facts the bald man notified with bows and smiles, and presently the supper came.

The hot dishes were on a chafing-dish; the cold already set forth, with the change of service on a side-board. Monsieur was satisfied with this arrangement. The supper table being small, it pleased him very well. Let them set the chafing-dish upon the floor, and go. He would remove the dishes with his own hands.

"Pardon!" said the bald man, politely. "It was impossible!"

Monsieur was of another opinion. He required no further attendance that night.

"But Madame"——the bald man hinted.

"Madame," replied Monsieur, "had her own maid. It was enough."

"A million pardons! No! Madame had no maid!"

"I came here alone," said Edith. "It was my choice to do so. I am well used to travelling; I want no attendance. They need send nobody to me."

Monsieur accordingly, persevering in his first proposed impossibility, proceeded to follow the two attendants to the outer door, and secure it after them for the night. The bald man turning round to bow, as he went out, observed that Madame still stood with her hand upon the velvet back



of the great chair, and that her face was quite regardless of him, though she was looking straight before her.

As the sound of Carker's fastening the door, resounded through the intermediate rooms, and seemed to come hushed and stifled into that last distant one, the sound of the Cathedral clock striking twelve mingled with it, in Edith's ears. She heard him pause, as if he heard it too and listened; and then come back towards her, laying a long train of footsteps through the silence, and shutting all the doors behind him as he came along. Her hand, for a moment, left the velvet chair to bring a knife within her reach upon the table; then she stood as she had stood before.

"How strange to come here by yourself, my love," he said as he entered.

"What!" she returned.

Her tone was so harsh; the quick turn of her head so fierce; her attitude so repellant; and her frown so black; that he stood, with the lamp in his hand, looking at her, as if she had struck him motionless.

"I say," he at length repeated, putting down the lamp and smiling his most courtly smile, "how strange to come here alone! It was unnecessary caution surely, and might have defeated itself. You were to have engaged an attendant at Havre or Rouen, and have had abundance of time for the purpose, though you had been the most capricious and difficult (as you are the most beautiful, my love) of women."

Her eyes gleamed strangely on him, but she stood with her hand resting on the chair, and said not a word.

"I have never," resumed Carker, "seen you look so handsome, as you do to-night. Even the picture I have carried in my mind during this cruel probation, and which I have contemplated night and day, is exceeded by the reality."

Not a word. Not a look. Her eyes completely hidden by their drooping lashes, but her head held up.

"Hard, unrelenting terms they were!" said Carker, with a smile, "but they are all fulfilled and past, and make the present more delicious and more safe. Sicily shall be the place of our retreat. In the idlest and easiest part of the world, my soul, we'll both seek compensation for old slavery."

He was coming gaily towards her, when, in an instant, she caught the knife up from the table, and started one pace back.

"Stand still!" she said, "or I shall murder you!"

The sudden change in her, the towering fury and intense abhorrence sparkling in her eyes and lighting up her brow, made him stop as if a fire had stopped him.

"Stand still!" she said, "come no nearer me, upon your life!"

They both stood looking at each other. Rage and astonishment were in his face, but he controlled them, and said lightly,

"Come, come! Tush, we are alone, and out of everybody's sight and hearing. Do you think to frighten me with these tricks of virtue?"

"Do you think to frighten *me*," she answered fiercely, "from any purpose that I have, and any course I am resolved upon, by reminding me of the solitude of this place, and there being no help near? Me who am here alone, designedly? If I feared you, should I not have avoided you? If I

feared you, should I be here, in the dead of night, telling you to your face what I am going to tell?"

"And what is that," he said, "you handsome shrew? Handsomer so, than any other woman in her best humour?"

"I tell you nothing," she returned, "until you go back to that chair—except this, once again—Don't come near me! Not a step nearer. I tell you, if you do, as Heaven sees us, I shall murder you!"

"Do you mistake me for your husband?" he retorted, with a grin.

Disdaining to reply, she stretched her arm out, pointing to the chair. He bit his lip, frowned, laughed, and sat down in it, with a baffled, irresolute, impatient air, he was unable to conceal; and biting his nail nervously, and looking at her sideways, with bitter discomfiture, even while he feigned to be amused by her caprice.

She put the knife down upon the table, and touching her bosom with her hand, said:

"I have something lying here, that is no love trinket; and sooner than endure your touch once more, I would use it on you—and you know it, while I speak—with less reluctance than I would on any other creeping thing that lives."

He affected to laugh jestingly, and entreated her to act her play out quickly, for the supper was growing cold. But the secret look with which he regarded her, was more sullen and lowering, and he struck his foot once upon the floor with a muttered oath.

"How many times," said Edith, bending her darkest glance upon him, "has your bold knavery assailed me with outrage and insult? How many times in your smooth manner, and mocking words and looks, have I been twitted with my courtship and my marriage? How many times have you laid bare my wound of love for that sweet, injured girl, and lacerated it? How often have you fanned the fire on which, for two years, I have writhed; and tempted me to take a desperate revenge, when it has most tortured me?"

"I have no doubt, Ma'am," he replied, "that you have kept a good account, and that it's pretty accurate. Come, Edith. To your husband, poor wretch, this was well enough—"

"Why, if," she said, surveying him with a haughty contempt and disgust, that he shrunk under, let him brave it as he would, "if all my other reasons for despising him could have been blown away like feathers, his having you for his counsellor and favourite, would have almost been enough to hold their place."

"Is that a reason why you have run away with me?" he asked her, tauntingly.

"Yes, and why we are face to face for the last time. Wretch! We meet to-night, and part to-night. For not one moment after I have ceased to speak, will I stay here!"

He turned upon her with his ugliest look, and griped the table with his hand; but neither rose, nor otherwise answered or threatened her.

"I am a woman," she said, confronting him stedfastly, "who from her very childhood, has been shamed and steeled. I have been offered and rejected, put up and appraised, until my very soul has sickened. I have not had an accomplishment or grace that might have been a resource to



me, but it has been paraded and vended to enhance my value, as if the common crier had called it through the streets. My poor, proud friends, have looked on and approved; and every tie between us has been deadened in my breast. There is not one of them for whom I care, as I could care for a pet-dog. I stand alone in the world, remembering well what a hollow world it has been to me, and what a hollow part of it I have been myself. You know this, and you know that my fame with it is worthless to me."

"Yes; I imagined that," he said.

"And calculated on it," she rejoined, "and so pursued me. Grown too indifferent for any opposition but indifference, to the daily working of the hands that had moulded me to this; and knowing that my marriage would at least prevent their hawking of me up and down; I suffered myself to be sold, as infamously as any woman with a halter round her neck is sold in any market-place. You know that."

"Yes," he said, showing all his teeth. "I know that."

"And calculated on it," she rejoined once more, "and so pursued me. From my marriage day, I found myself exposed to such new shame—to such solicitation and pursuit (expressed as clearly as if it had been written in the coarsest words, and thrust into my hand at every turn) from one mean villain, that I felt as if I had never known humiliation till that time. This shame, my husband fixed upon me; hemmed me round with, himself; steeped me in, with his own hands, and of his own act, repeated hundreds of times. And thus—forced by the two from every point of rest I had—forced by the two to yield up the last retreat of love and gentleness within me, or to be a new misfortune on its innocent object—driven from each to each, and beset by one when I escaped the other—my anger rose almost to distraction against both. I do not know against which it rose higher—the master or the man!"

He watched her closely, as she stood before him in the very triumph of her indignant beauty. She was resolute, he saw; undaunted; with no more fear of him, than of a worm.

"What should I say of honour or of chastity to you!" she went on. "What meaning would it have to you; what meaning would it have from me! But if I tell you that the lightest touch of your hand makes my blood cold with antipathy; that from the hour when I first saw, and hated you, to now, when my instinctive repugnance is enhanced by every minute's knowledge of you I have since had, you have been a loathsome creature to me which has not its like on earth; how then?"

He answered, with a faint laugh, "Aye! How then, my queen?"

"On that night, when, emboldened by the scene you had assisted at, you dared come to my room and speak to me," she said, "what passed?"

He shrugged his shoulders, and laughed again.

"What passed?" she said.

"Your memory is so distinct," he returned, "that I have no doubt you can recal it."

"I can," she said. "Hear it! Proposing then, this flight—not this flight, but the flight you thought it—you told me that in the having given you that meeting, and leaving you to be discovered there, if you

so thought fit; and in the having suffered you to be alone with me many times before,—and having made the opportunities, you said,—and in the having openly avowed to you that I had no feeling for my husband but aversion, and no care for myself—I was lost; I had given you the power to traduce my name; and I lived, in virtuous reputation, at the pleasure of your breath.”

“All stratagems in love—” he interrupted, smiling. “The old adage—”

“On that night,” said Edith, “and then, the struggle that I long had had with something that was not respect for my good fame—that was I know not what—perhaps the clinging to that last retreat—was ended. On that night, and then, I turned from everything but passion and resentment. I struck a blow that laid your lofty master in the dust, and set you there, before me, looking at me now, and knowing what I mean.”

He sprang up from his chair with a great oath. She put her hand into her bosom, and not a finger trembled, not a hair upon her head was stirred. He stood still: she too: the table and chair between them.

“When I forget that this man put his lips to mine that night, and held me in his arms as he has done again to-night,” said Edith, pointing at him; “when I forget the taint of his kiss upon my cheek—the cheek that Florence would have laid her guiltless face against—when I forget my meeting with her, while that taint was hot upon me, and in what a flood the knowledge rushed upon me, when I saw her, that in releasing her from the persecution I had caused her by my love, I brought a shame and degradation on her name through mine, and in all time to come should be the solitary figure representing in her mind her first avoidance of a guilty creature—then, Husband, from whom I stand divorced henceforth, I will forget these last two years, and undo what I have done, and undeceive you!”

Her flashing eyes, uplifted for a moment, lighted again on Carker, and she held some letters out, in her left hand.

“See these!” she said, contemptuously. “You have addressed these to me in the false name you go by; one here, some elsewhere on my road. The seals are unbroken. Take them back!”

She crunched them in her hand, and tossed them to his feet. And as she looked upon him now, a smile was on her face.

“We meet and part to-night,” she said. “You have fallen on Sicilian days and sensual rest, too soon. You might have cajoled, and fawned, and played your traitor’s part, a little longer, and grown richer. You purchase your voluptuous retirement dear!”

“Edith!” he retorted, menacing her with his hand. “Sit down! Have done with this! What devil possesses you?”

“Their name is Legion,” she replied, uprearing her proud form as if she would have crushed him; “you and your master have raised them in a fruitful house, and they shall tear you both. False to him, false to his innocent child, false every way and everywhere, go forth and boast of me, and gnash your teeth, for once, to know that you are lying!”

He stood before her, muttering and menacing, and scowling round as if for something that would help him to conquer her; but with the same indomitable spirit she opposed him, without faltering.

“In every vaunt you make,” she said, “I have my triumph. I single



out in you the meanest man I know, the parasite and tool of the proud tyrant, that his wound may go the deeper, and may rankle more. Boast, and revenge me on him! You know how you came here to-night; you know how you stand cowering there; you see yourself in colours quite as despicable, if not as odious, as those in which I see you. Boast then, and revenge me on yourself."

The foam was on his lips; the wet stood on his forehead. If she would have faltered once, for only one half moment, he would have pinioned her; but she was as firm as rock, and her searching eyes never left him.

"We don't part so," he said. "Do you think I am drivelling, to let you go in your mad temper?"

"Do you think," she answered, "that I am to be stayed?"

"I'll try, my dear," he said, with a ferocious gesture of his head.

"God's mercy on you, if you try by coming near me!" she replied.

"And what," he said, "if there are none of these same boasts and vaunts on my part? what if I were to turn too? Come!" and his teeth faintly shone again. "We must make a treaty of this, or I may take some unexpected course. Sit down, sit down!"

"Too late!" she cried, with eyes that seemed to sparkle fire. "I have thrown my fame and good name to the winds! I have resolved to bear the shame that will attach to me—resolved to know that it attaches falsely—that you know it too—and that he does not, never can, and never shall. I'll die, and make no sign. For this, I am here alone with you, at the dead of night. For this, I have met you here, in a false name, as your wife. For this, I have been seen here by those men, and left here. Nothing can save you now."

He would have sold his soul to root her, in her beauty, to the floor, and make her arms drop at her sides, and have her at his mercy. But he could not look at her, and not be afraid of her. He saw a strength within her that was resistless. He saw that she was desperate, and that her unquenchable hatred of him would stop at nothing. His eyes followed the hand that was put with such rugged uncongenial purpose into her white bosom, and he thought that if it struck at him, and failed, it would strike there, just as soon.

He did not venture, therefore, to advance towards her; but the door by which he had entered was behind him, and he stepped back to lock it.

"Lastly, take my warning! look to yourself!" she said, and smiled again. "You have been betrayed, as all betrayers are. It has been made known that you are in this place, or were to be, or have been. If I live, I saw my husband in a carriage in the street to-night!"

"Strumpet, it's false!" cried Carker.

At the moment, the bell rang loudly in the hall. He turned white, as she held her hand up like an enchantress, at whose invocation the sound had come.

"Hark! do you hear it?"

He set his back against the door; for he saw a change in her, and fancied she was coming on, to pass him. But, in a moment, she was gone through the opposite doors communicating with the bedchamber, and they shut upon her.

Once turned, once changed in her inflexible unyielding look, he felt that he could cope with her. He thought a sudden terror, occasioned by this night-alarm, had subdued her; not the less readily, for her overwrought condition. Throwing open the doors, he followed, almost instantly.

But the room was dark; and as she made no answer to his call, he was fain to go back for the lamp. He held it up, and looked round, everywhere, expecting to see her crouching in some corner; but the room was empty. So, into the drawing-room and dining-room he went, in succession, with the uncertain steps of a man in a strange place; looking fearfully about, and prying behind screens and couches; but she was not there. No, nor in the hall, which was so bare that he could see that, at a glance.

All this time, the ringing at the bell was constantly renewed, and those without were beating at the door. He put his lamp down at a distance, and going near it, listened. There were several voices talking together; at least two of them in English; and though the door was thick, and there was great confusion, he knew one of these too well to doubt whose voice it was.

He took up his lamp again, and came back quickly through all the rooms, stopping as he quitted each, and looking round for her, with the light raised above his head. He was standing thus in the bedchamber, when the door, leading to the little passage in the wall, caught his eye. He went to it, and found it fastened on the other side; but she had dropped a veil in going through, and shut it in the door.

All this time the people on the stairs were ringing at the bell, and knocking with their hands and feet:

He was not a coward: but these sounds; what had gone before; the strangeness of the place, which had confused him, even in his return from the hall; the frustration of his schemes (for, strange to say, he would have been much bolder, if they had succeeded); the unseasonable time; the recollection of having no one near to whom he could appeal for any friendly office; above all, the sudden sense, which made even his heart beat like lead, that the man whose confidence he had outraged, and whom he had so treacherously deceived, was there to recognise and challenge him with his mask plucked off his face; struck a panic through him. He tried the door in which the veil was shut, but couldn't force it. He opened one of the windows, and looked down through the lattice of the blind, into the courtyard; but it was a high leap, and the stones were pitiless.

The ringing and knocking still continuing—his panic too—he went back to the door in the bedchamber, and with some new efforts, each more stubborn than the last, wrenched it open. Seeing the little staircase not far off, and feeling the night-air coming up, he stole back for his hat and coat, made the door as secure after him as he could, crept down lamp in hand, extinguished it on seeing the street, and having put it in a corner, went out where the stars were shining.



On the 1st of FEBRUARY,

A MONTHLY RE-ISSUE, IN COMPLETE WORKS,

OF

KNIGHT'S SHILLING VOLUMES,

AND, IN PARTS, OF

KNIGHT'S PICTORIAL WORKS,

FOR ALL CLASSES.

WITH 12,000 ENGRAVINGS.

"A subscription of a penny a-week by twelve individuals would place at their command fifty-two volumes in the course of a year."—*Original Prospectus.*

On FEBRUARY 1st,

SHILLING VOLUMES.

**Lord Brougham's Historical Sketches of Statesmen** who flourished in the Time of George III. A New Edition, corrected by the Author. In Three Double Volumes.

The Re-issue will be in Double Volumes. Price, in wrapper, 2s.; in cloth boards, 2s. 6d.; or cloth, gilt edges, 3s.

**The Cabinet History of England**, abridged from the 'Pictorial History of England,' and continued to 1847, in 26 Shilling Volumes or 13 Double Volumes. Vols. I. and II. A Double Volume Monthly.

PICTORIAL WORKS.

**Pictorial Museum of Animated Nature**, with 4000 Engravings, in 27 Parts—Part I., Price 1s.

**Pictorial Gallery of Arts**, with 4000 Engravings, in 27 Parts—Part I., Price 1s.

**Pictorial Sunday-Book**, by Dr. KITTO, in 13 Parts, with 1500 Engravings; and **SCRIPTURE ATLAS** of 13 coloured Maps—Part I., Price 1s. 6d.

**Old England**; a Pictorial Museum of National Antiquities, with 3000 Woodcuts, and 24 coloured Engravings, in 24 Parts—Part I., Price 1s. 6d.

**Old England's Worthies**, with 12 coloured Engravings and 72 Portraits on Steel, in 12 Parts—Part I., Price 1s. 6d.

**Dr. Kitto's Pictorial Life of Our Saviour**, with numerous Engravings, in 10 Parts—Part I., Price 8d.

**Mr. Knight's One-Volume Shakspeare**,—Plays and Poems, and a Biography. Illustrated by HARVEY, in 12 Parts—Part I., Price 1s.

*Complete Sets of all the above Works may be had handsomely bound in cloth.*

C. COX, 12, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND.

LIVER & BOYD, Edinburgh; and J. ROBERTSON, Grafton Street, Dublin.

820.



## APOTS

the peculiarity of the sort. Portland 23s.; even to silver itself in y ironmongery article,

## IRONS.

FENDERS, as well

Burton's),

Bright Steel Fenders, to 4 feet, from 30s. each; ditto ditto, with Or-molu ornaments, from 60s.; rich bronzed scroll ditto, with Steel Bar, 10s. 6d.; Iron Fenders, 3 feet, 4s. 6d.; 4 feet, 6s.; ditto bronzed, and fitted with Standards, 3 feet, 9s.; 4 feet, 11s.; Wrought Iron Kitchen Fenders, 3 feet, 4s. 6d.; 4 feet, 6s.; Bright Register Stoves, with Bronzed Ornaments, and Two Sets of Bars, from 80s.; ditto ditto, with Or-molu Ornaments, from £6 6s.; Black Dining-room Register Stoves, 2 feet, 18s.; 3 feet, 27s.; Bedroom Register Stoves, 2 feet, 16s.; 3 feet, 24s. The New Economical Thermo Stove, with Fender and Radiating Hearthplate; Fire Irons for Chambers, 1s. 9d. per set; handsome ditto, with Cut Heads, 6s. 6d.; newest pattern, with elegant Bronzed Heads, 11s. A variety of Fire Irons, with Or-molu and richly Cut Heads, at proportionate prices. Any article in the Furnishing Ironmongery, 30 per cent. under any other house.

The money returned for every article not approved of. Detailed Catalogues, with Engravings, sent (per post) free.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S (late RIPPON and BURTON'S) Stock of general Furnishing Ironmongery is literally the largest in the world, and as no language can be employed to give a correct idea of its variety and extent, purchasers are invited to call and inspect it.

39, OXFORD STREET, CORNER OF NEWMAN STREET, LONDON.

**THE RE-ISSUE DURING 1848**  
OF  
**KNIGHT'S SHILLING VOLUME**  
IN COMPLETE WORKS,

WILL BE ARRANGED IN THE FOLLOWING ORDER :—

544

Once turned, he could cope with the night-alarm, had been in that condition. There But the room was so faint to go back for expecting to see him. So, into the drawing-room, the uncertain step and prying behind in the hall, which All this time, those without were at distance, and going together; at least thick, and there was doubt whose voice he took up his rooms, stopping a light raised above when the door, lo He went to it, and dropped a veil in. All this time knocking with the He was not a stranger to the strangeness of the the hall; the fringes been much bold recollection of his friendly office; all beat like lead, to whom he had so challenge him with him. He tried to He opened one of the blind, into the pitiless.

The ringing and knocking still continuing—his panic too—he went back to the door in the bedchamber, and with some new efforts, each more stubborn than the last, wrenched it open. Seeing the little staircase not far off, and feeling the night-air coming up, he stole back for his hat and coat, made the door as secure after him as he could, crept down lamp in hand, extinguished it on seeing the street, and having put it in a corner, went out where the stars were shining.

|   |  |        |
|---|--|--------|
| FEBRUARY 1.   |  | Vols.  |
| LORD BROUGHAM'S HISTORICAL SKETCHES OF STATESMEN who flourished in the Reign of George III.   |  |        |
| A New Edition, Corrected by the Author . . . . .  |  | 6 in 3 |
| MARCH 1.  |  |        |
| MR. WITTICH'S CURIOSITIES OF PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY: Snow Mountains—Glaciers—Avalanches—Icebergs and Icefields—The Gulf Stream—The Sannoom—Trade Winds—Monsoons—The Sahara—The Solva, or Forest Desert of the Amazonas—The Pampas—The Llanos—Earthquakes—Volcanos . . . . . |  | 2 „ 1  |
| APRIL 1.  |  |        |
| MRS. POOLE'S ENGLISHWOMAN IN EGYPT: Letters from Cairo, written during a Residence there in 1842, 3, 4, 5, with her Brother, E. W. Lane, Esq., Author of 'The Modern Egyptians' . . . . .   |  | 3 „ 1  |
| MAY 1.  |  |        |
| MR. CRAIK'S SKETCHES OF THE HISTORY OF LITERATURE AND LEARNING IN ENGLAND, with Specimens of the principal Writers . . . . .  |  | 6 „ 3  |
| JUNE 1.   |  |        |
| CHARLES LAMB'S TALES FROM SHAKSPEARE, with Scenes illustrating each Tale, selected by Charles Knight, and Wood Engravings by W. Harvey . . . . .  |  | 2 „ 1  |
| MR. KNIGHT'S LIFE OF CAXTON, the first English Printer }  |  |        |
| MR. MAC FARLANE'S LIFE OF GRESHAM, Founder of }   |  | 2 „ 1  |
| the Royal Exchange . . . . .  |  |        |
| JULY 1.   |  |        |
| LORD BROUGHAM AND SIR CHARLES BELL'S EDITION OF PALEY'S NATURAL THEOLOGY . . . . .  |  | 4 „ 2  |
| AUGUST 1.   |  |        |
| MRS. JAMESON'S MEMOIRS OF PAINTERS . . . . .  |  | 2 „ 1  |
| MR. THORNE'S RAMBLES BY RIVERS . . . . .  |  | 2 „ 1  |
| SEPTEMBER 1.  |  |        |
| LORD NUGENT'S LANDS CLASSICAL AND SACRED . . . . .  |  | 2 „ 1  |
| MR. MAC FARLANE'S POPULAR SPORTS, CUSTOMS, AND RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SOUTH OF ITALY . . . . .  |  | 2 „ 1  |
| MR. LANE'S ARABIAN TALES AND ANECDOTES, selected from his New Translation of the Arabian Nights . . . . .   |  | 2 „ 1  |
| OCTOBER 1.  |  |        |
| THE ELEPHANT, THE HORSE, AND THE DOG, by CHARLES KNIGHT and W. MARTIN, and a Chapter on the DISEASES OF THE HORSE, by W. YOUATT . . . . .   |  | 3 „ 1  |
| NOVEMBER 1.   |  |        |
| THE LOST SENSES—Deafness and Blindness, by Dr. KITTO . . . . .  |  | 2 „ 1  |
| DECEMBER 1.   |  |        |
| MR. DODD'S DESCRIPTIVE ACCOUNT OF THE MANUFACTURES OF GREAT BRITAIN . . . . .   |  | 6 „ 3  |



# KNIGHT'S MONTHLY SHILLING VOLUME FOR ALL READERS.

The steady sale of the current volumes of 'Knight's Weekly Volume,' and the constant demand for the past publications, furnish the best evidence that in catering for no merely temporary appetite, but, on the contrary, endeavouring to supply a body of valuable *Copyright Works* of permanent interest and utility, the Editor has not counted too securely upon a very extended desire for sound and amusing knowledge.

This Weekly Publication has not been omitted in a single instance; and the constant issue has enabled the Editor to furnish what he ventures to consider as a *valuable little Library, equally suited to cheap Book-Clubs, Lending Libraries, and Private Purchasers.* The subjects have always been selected upon a plan which has now attained a *certain completeness*; and for this reason it is unnecessary to continue the publication at the rapid rate that up to this time has been desirable.

'KNIGHT'S VOLUME FOR ALL READERS' will in future be published MONTHLY. The new works of 'KNIGHT'S MONTHLY VOLUME' will be chosen with reference to the principle that has been steadily adhered to, of supplying valuable information at the cheapest rate.

In wrapper, 1s. each. In cloth, 1s. 6d. each. In morocco, gilt edges, 2s. 6d. each. In Double Volumes, gilt edges, 3s. each. In Treble Volumes, gilt edges, 4s. each.

KNIGHT'S WEEKLY VOLUME FOR ALL READERS, the VOLS.  
Series Complete 116

SUPPLEMENT TO KNIGHT'S WEEKLY VOLUME: THE  
CABINET HISTORY OF ENGLAND, continued to 1847 . 26

KNIGHT'S MONTHLY VOLUME, now in progress. Already  
published . 25

The Arrangement according to Numbers may be seen on the back of  
the wrapper of the last Monthly Volume published. 167

A Complete List of the Weekly and Monthly Volumes, upon which more  
than £10,000 have been expended for Literature and Art.

## LORD BROUGHAM.

Historical Sketches of Statesmen who flourished in the Vols.  
Time of George III. *A New Edition, corrected by the Author* . 6

Dialogues on Instinct . . . . . 1

Discourses on the Objects, Pleasures, and Advantages  
of Science, and on Political Philosophy . . . . . 1

## LORD BROUGHAM AND SIR CHARLES BELL'S

*Edition of Paley's Natural Theology*  
Dissertations on Natural Theology, and Treatise on  
Animal Mechanics . . . . . 4

1820.



## CAPOTS

the peculiarity of the  
sort. Portland 23s.;  
even to silver itself in  
ry ironmongery article,

## IRONS.

FENDERS, as well

Burton's),

Bright Steel Fenders, to 4 feet, from 30s. each; ditto ditto, with Or-molu ornaments, from 60s.; rich bronzed scroll ditto, with Steel Bar, 10s. 6d.; Iron Fenders, 3 feet, 4s. 6d.; 4 feet, 6s.; ditto bronzed, and fitted with Standards, 3 feet, 9s.; 4 feet, 11s.; Wrought Iron Kitchen Fenders, 3 feet, 4s. 6d.; 4 feet, 6s.; Bright Register Stoves, with Bronzed Ornaments, and Two Sets of Bars, from 80s.; ditto ditto, with Or-molu Ornaments, from £6 6s.; Black Dining-room Register Stoves, 2 feet, 18s.; 3 feet, 27s.; Bedroom Register Stoves, 2 feet, 16s.; 3 feet, 24s. The New Economical Thermo Stove, with Fender and Radiating Hearthplate; Fire Irons for Chambers, 1s. 9d. per set; handsome ditto, with Cut Heads, 6s. 6d.; newest pattern, with elegant Bronzed Heads, 11s. A variety of Fire Irons, with Or-molu and richly Cut Heads, at proportionate prices. Any article in the Furnishing Ironmongery, 30 per cent. under any other house.

The money returned for every article not approved of. Detailed Catalogues, with Engravings, sent (per post) free.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S (late RIPPON and BURTON'S) Stock of general Furnishing Ironmongery is literally the largest in the world, and as no language can be employed to give a correct idea of its variety and extent, purchasers are invited to call and inspect it.

39, OXFORD STREET, CORNER OF NEWMAN STREET, LONDON.





*Weekly and Monthly Volumes published, and Works in the Press—continued*

544

Once turned,  
he could cope with  
night-alarm, had  
condition. Thro

But the room  
fain to go back fr  
expecting to see  
So, into the draw  
the uncertain ste  
and prying behin  
in the hall, whic

All this time,  
those without w  
distance, and goi  
together; at lea  
thick, and there  
doubt whose voi

He took up h  
rooms, stopping a  
light raised above  
when the door, lo  
He went to it, a  
dropped a veil in

All this time  
knocking with the

He was not a c  
strangeness of the  
the hall; the frus  
been much bolde  
recollection of h  
friendly office; at  
beat like lead, th  
whom he had se  
challenge him wit  
him. He tried th  
He opened one of  
the blind, into the  
pitiless.

The ringing and knocking still continuing—his panic too—he went back to the door in the bedchamber, and with some new efforts, each more stubborn than the last, wrenched it open. Seeing the little staircase not far off, and feeling the night-air coming up, he stole back for his hat and coat, made the door as secure after him as he could, crept down lamp in hand, extinguished it on seeing the street, and having put it in a corner, went out where the stars were shining.

SIR JOHN FRANCIS DAVIS.

The Chinese. A General Description of China and  
its Inhabitants. *New Edition* . . . . . 3

Sketches of China. *New Edition* . . . . . 1

G. L. CRAIK, A.M.

Female Examples of the Pursuit of Knowledge under  
Difficulties. *A New Work* . . . . . 2

The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties; illus-  
trated by Anecdotes. *New Edition* . . . . . 3

Sketches of the History of Literature and Learning in  
England, with Specimens of the Principal Writers . . . . . 6

The History of British Commerce, from the Earliest  
Times to the present Day . . . . . 3

Spenser and his Poetry . . . . . 3

Bacon: his Writings and his Philosophy . . . . . 3

G. DODD.

A Descriptive Account of the Manufactures of Great  
Britain . . . . . 6

A. T. MALKIN, A.M.

Historical Parallels. *New Edition* . . . . . 3

CHARLES LAMB.

Tales from Shakspeare, with Scenes illustrating each Tale,  
selected by CHARLES KNIGHT, with Engravings by W. HARVEY. 2

JAMES RENNIE, A.M.

Insect Architecture. *New Edition* . . . . . 2

Bird Architecture, and Bird Miscellanies, illustrative of  
the Habits and Faculties of Birds. *New Editions* . . . . . 3

A. VIEUSSEUX.

Napoleon Bonaparte, his Sayings and his Deeds . . . . . 2

DR. KITTO.

The Lost Senses—Deafness and Blindness . . . . . 2

G. H. LEWES.

A Biographical History of Philosophy, Ancient and Modern 4

1

*Weekly and Monthly Volumes published, and Works in the Press—continued.*

## C. KNIGHT AND W. MARTIN.

The Elephant, the Horse, and the Dog; the Three Friends of Man. And a Chapter on the Diseases of the Horse, by W. YOUATT . . . . . 3

## EDWARD LANE AND HIS SISTER MRS. POOLE.

Modern Egyptians. *New Edition* . . . . . 3

Arabian Tales and Anecdotes, from the Arabian Nights . . . . . 1

The Englishwoman in Egypt; Letters from Cairo, during a Residence there in 1842, 43, 44, and 45 . . . . . 3

## MRS. JAMESON.

Memoirs of the Early Italian Painters, and of the Progress of Painting in Italy, from Cimabue to Bassano . . . . . 2

## JAMES THORNE.

Rambles by Rivers:—The Avon, the Duddon, the Lea, the Dove, 2 Vols.; The Thames, 2 Vols. . . . . 4

## LORD NUGENT.

Lands Classical and Sacred. *Second Edition* . . . . . 2

## C. MAC FARLANE.

Old England Novelets:—The Camp of Refuge.—The Dutch in the Medway.—A Legend of Reading Abbey . . . . . 4

Romance of Travel—the East . . . . . 2

Life of Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of the Royal Exchange . . . . . 1

Popular Customs, Sports, and Recollections of the South of Italy . . . . . 1

The Cabinet History of England—*Continued to 1847* . . . . . 26

## W. WITTICH.

Curiosities of Physical Geography: Snow Mountains—Glaciers—Avalanches—Mountain Slips—Icebergs and Icefields—The Gulf-stream—The Samoom—Trade Winds—Monsoons—Plains and Deserts—The Sahara—The Selva, or Forest Desert of the Amazonas—The Pampas—The Llanos—Earthquakes—Volcanos . . . . . 2

## DR. LANKESTER.

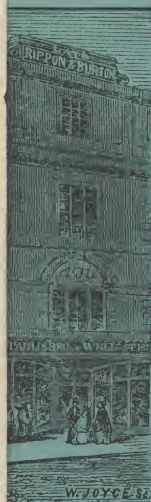
The Food of Man. *New Edition* . . . . . 2

## J. SAUNDERS.

Canterbury Tales from Chaucer, and Pictures of English Life from Chaucer . . . . . 3

[Continued.]

1820.



## CAPOTS

the peculiarity of the sort. Portland 23s.; even to silver itself in every ironmongery article,

## IRONS.

FENDERS, as well

Burton's),

Bright Steel Fenders, to 4 feet, from 30s. each; ditto ditto, with Or-molu ornaments, from 60s.; rich bronzed scroll ditto, with Steel Bar, 10s. 6d.; Iron Fenders, 3 feet, 4s. 6d.; 4 feet, 6s.; ditto bronzed, and fitted with Standards, 3 feet, 9s.; 4 feet, 11s.; Wrought Iron Kitchen Fenders, 3 feet, 4s. 6d.; 4 feet, 6s.; Bright Register Stoves, with Bronzed Ornaments, and Two Sets of Bars, from 80s.; ditto ditto, with Or-molu Ornaments, from £6 6s.; Black Dining-room Register Stoves, 2 feet, 18s.; 3 feet, 27s.; Bedroom Register Stoves, 2 feet, 16s.; 3 feet, 24s. The New Economical Thermo Stove, with Fender and Radiating Hearthplate; Fire Irons for Chambers, 1s. 9d. per set; handsome ditto, with Cut Heads, 6s. 6d.; newest pattern, with elegant Bronzed Heads, 11s. A variety of Fire Irons, with Or-molu and richly Cut Heads, at proportionate prices. Any article in the Furnishing Ironmongery, 30 per cent. under any other house.

The money returned for every article not approved of. Detailed Catalogues, with Engravings, sent (per post) free.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S (late RIPPON and BURTON'S) Stock of general Furnishing Ironmongery is literally the largest in the world, and as no language can be employed to give a correct idea of its variety and extent, purchasers are invited to call and inspect it.

39, OXFORD STREET, CORNER OF NEWMAN STREET, LONDON.



*Weekly and Monthly Volumes published, and Works in the Press—continued.*

544

Once turned  
he could cope  
night-alarm, he  
condition. The

But the room  
fain to go back  
expecting to see  
So, into the dra  
the uncertain s  
and prying behi  
in the hall, whic

All this time  
those without  
distance, and go  
together; at le  
thick, and there  
doubt whose voi

He took up  
rooms, stopping  
light raised abov  
when the door,  
He went to it,  
dropped a veil in

All this time  
knocking with th

He was not a  
strangeness of th  
the hall; the fru  
been much bold  
recollection of h  
friendly office; a  
beat like lead, t  
whom he had se  
challenge him wit  
him. He tried t  
He opened one of  
the blind, into th  
pitiless.

The ringing and knocking still continuing—his panic too—he went back to the door in the bedchamber, and with some new efforts, each more stubborn than the last, wrenched it open. Seeing the little staircase not far off, and feeling the night-air coming up, he stole back for his hat and coat, made the door as secure after him as he could, crept down lamp in hand, extinguished it on seeing the street, and having put it in a corner, went out where the stars were shining.

## CHARLES KNIGHT.

|  | Vols. |
|--|-------|
| Life of Caxton, the first English Printer . . . . .        | 1     |
| Capital and Labour, and the Results of Machinery . . . . . | 1     |
| A Volume of Varieties . . . . .                            | 1     |

## MISS MARTINEAU.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| Feats on the Fiord. <i>New Edition</i> . . . . . | 1 |
| The Billow and the Rock. A New Tale . . . . .    | 1 |

## T. C. BANFIELD.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| Industry of the Rhine.—Agriculture and Manufactures . . . . . | 2 |
|---|---|

## MADAME BLAZ DE BURY.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| Racine, Molière, Corneille, and the French Classical Drama . . . . . | 3 |
|--|---|

## G. DENNIS.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| The Cid. A Short Chronicle founded on the Early Poetry of Spain . . . . . | 1 |
|---|---|

## A. RAMSAY.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| Samuel Butler, and his Hudibras and other Works . . . . . | 1 |
|---|---|

## MISS PRATT.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| Flowers and their Associations . . . . .          | 1 |
| The Field, the Garden, and the Woodland . . . . . | 1 |

## REV. C. G. NICOLAY.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| The Oregon Territory . . . . .                                   | 1 |
| The Backwoods of Canada. <i>New Edition.</i> By a LADY . . . . . | 1 |

## PROFESSOR LONG.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| Civil Wars of Rome. Select Lives from Plutarch, newly Translated, with Notes . . . . . | 5 |
|--|---|

## DR. SOUTHWOOD SMITH.

|   |   |
|---|---|
| The Philosophy of Health, written with a view to the Promotion of Human Longevity and Happiness. <i>Third Edition</i> . . . . . | 4 |
|---|---|

## J. R. PLANCHÉ.

|  |   |
|--|---|
| History of British Costume from the Earliest Period to the Present Time. Beautifully printed from the original Woodcuts, 136 in number. <i>A New Edition</i> , with much additional matter . . . . . | 2 |
|--|---|

*Weekly and Monthly Volumes published, and Works in the Press—continued.*

**RALPH N. WORNUM.**

Vols.

**History of Painting, Ancient and Modern.** Showing its gradual and various Development from the earliest ages to the present time . . . . . **2**

**VARIOUS CONTRIBUTORS.**

**Pompeii: its Destruction and Re-discovery.** *A New Edition, complete for 2s.* Beautifully printed from the original Woodcuts . . . . . **2**

**The Cabinet Portrait Gallery of British Worthies,** with 72 Portraits on Steel . . . . . **12**

**Popular Tumults,** illustrative of the effects of Social Ignorance . . **1**

**Tasso's Recovery of Jerusalem.** By EDWARD FAIRFAX. Reprinted from the original folio in 1600; with Glossary, and Lives of Tasso and Fairfax by C. KNIGHT . . . . . **2**

**Mind amongst the Spindles.** A Selection from the Lowell Offering, with Introduction by C. KNIGHT . . . . . **1**

**Memoirs of a Working Man,** with Preface by C. KNIGHT . . **1**

**The Book of Table Talk** . . . . . **2**

**Settlers and Convicts; or, Recollections of SIXTEEN YEARS' LABOUR in the Backwoods of Australia.** By an Emigrant Mechanic **2**

*The following Valuable Copyright Works are in the Press, and will appear in the Series of Knight's Monthly Shilling Volumes.*

**JAMES THORNE.**

**Rambles by Rivers—The Thames.** Vol. II. . . . . **1**

**T. C. BANFIELD.**

**Industry of the Rhine—Series II., "Manufactures"** . . **1**

**MADAME BLAZ DE BURY.**

**Corneille and the French Classical Drama** . . . . . **2**

**PROFESSOR LONG.**

**Civil Wars of Rome; being Select Lives from Plutarch.** Vol. V., completing the Work . . . . . **1**

1820.



## APOTS

in the peculiarity of the  
r sort. Portland 23s.;  
even to silver itself in  
ery ironmongery article,

## IRONS.

d FENDERS, as well

Burton's),

Bright Steel Fenders, to 4 feet, from 30s. each; ditto ditto, with Or-molu ornaments, from 60s.; rich bronzed scroll ditto, with Steel Bar, 10s. 6d.; Iron Fenders, 3 feet, 4s. 6d.; 4 feet, 6s.; ditto bronzed, and fitted with Standards, 3 feet, 9s.; 4 feet, 11s.; Wrought Iron Kitchen Fenders, 3 feet, 4s. 6d.; 4 feet, 6s.; Bright Register Stoves, with Bronzed Ornaments, and Two Sets of Bars, from 80s.; ditto ditto, with Or-molu Ornaments, from £6 6s.; Black Dining-room Register Stoves, 2 feet, 18s.; 3 feet, 27s.; Bedroom Register Stoves, 2 feet, 16s.; 3 feet, 24s. The New Economical Thermio Stove, with Fender and Radiating Hearthplate; Fire Irons for Chambers, 1s. 9d. per set; handsome ditto, with Cut Heads, 6s. 6d.; newest pattern, with elegant Bronzed Heads, 11s. A variety of Fire Irons, with Or-molu and richly Cut Heads, at proportionate prices. Any article in the Furnishing Ironmongery, 30 per cent. under any other house.

The money returned for every article not approved of. Detailed Catalogues, with Engravings, sent (per post) free.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S (late RIPPON and BURTON'S) Stock of general Furnishing Ironmongery is literally the largest in the world, and as no language can be employed to give a correct idea of its variety and extent, purchasers are invited to call and inspect it.

39, OXFORD STREET, CORNER OF NEWMAN STREET, LONDON.



544

Once turn  
he could co  
night-alarm  
condition.

But the r  
fain to go b  
expecting to  
So, into the  
the uncertai  
and prying  
in the hall,

All this  
those witho  
distance, an  
together; a  
thick, and t  
doubt whose

He took  
rooms, stop  
light raised  
when the de  
He went to  
dropped a v

All this  
knocking wit

He was n  
strangeness  
the hall; th  
been much  
recollection  
friendly offi  
beat like le  
whom he h  
challenge hi  
him. He tr  
He opened c  
the blind, in  
pitiless.

The ringing and knocking still continuing—his panic too—he went back to the door in the bedchamber, and with some new efforts, each more stubborn than the last, wrenched it open. Seeing the little staircase not far off, and feeling the night-air coming up, he stole back for his hat and coat, made the door as secure after him as he could, crept down lamp in hand, extinguished it on seeing the street, and having put it in a corner, went out where the stars were shining.

*Complete in Twelve Shilling Parts; or in handsome  
cloth, price 13s.,*

THE  
**WORKS OF WILLIAM SHAKSPERE;**

CONTAINING

HIS PLAYS AND POEMS,

FROM THE TEXT OF THE EDITIONS BY

CHARLES KNIGHT;

With Explanatory Notes, and Facts connected with his Life and Writings,  
abridged from 'William Shakspeare, a Biography.'

ILLUSTRATED BY W. HARVEY.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

*Complete in Ten Parts, at 8s. each; or in handsome cloth, gilt  
edges, price 7s. 6d.,*

A

**PICTORIAL LIFE OF OUR SAVIOUR.**

By DR. KITTO.

To meet the demand which is happily increasing for subjects connected with Sacred History, the Publisher has now completed, at an unusually low price, a work of sterling value, the production of one of our most learned students of Bible Literature.

The Work in question is a carefully written *LIFE OF OUR SAVIOUR*, drawn from a close examination and comparison of the Four Gospels, and elucidated by an accurate and extensive knowledge, on the part of the writer, of all those habits and customs of the East which are so necessary to be understood in order fully to comprehend the Scripture narrative.

From the circumstances under which this work is undertaken, the Publisher has been enabled to illustrate it with a large number of beautiful Engravings, copied by our first artists from the most celebrated productions of antiquity.

MR. KNIGHT'S  
PICTORIAL WORKS FOR ALL CLASSES.

With 12,000 Engravings, the original cost of which  
exceeded £60,000.

# THE NEW ORBIS PICTUS,

With 12,000 Engravings on Wood, 72 Steel Engravings, 40 Illuminated Engravings, and 13 Coloured Maps.

ONE of the most popular books of education that Europe has produced was written two centuries ago by Comenius, under the title of *Orbis Pictus* — the Pictorial World. It contains several hundred rude Woodcuts, with appropriate descriptions.

What this book has imperfectly accomplished has been fully carried out in the plan of a series of Pictorial Works issued by Mr. Knight, who has in this series accumulated the largest body of eye-knowledge that has ever been brought together, consisting on the whole of 12,000 Engravings.

But the Engravings do not constitute the chief merit of these works. Every engraving is given in connexion with an original text, forming of itself an instructive and amusing introduction to the subject upon which it treats.

The works are each perfect in themselves; but for purposes of education, and for the instruction and amusement of all classes, they are invaluable as a complete series. They comprise the following books:—

1. **Pictorial Museum of Animated Nature**, 2 vols., complete.
2. **Pictorial Sunday-Book**, 1 vol., complete.
3. **Old England**, 2 vols., complete.
4. **Pictorial Gallery of Arts**, 2 vols., complete.

THE USEFUL ARTS, 1 vol.

THE FINE ARTS, 1 vol.

Uniform with the above, being a Supplement to 'Old England,'

5. **Old England's Worthies**, 1 vol., complete.

'The text is well considered; the drawings are accurate. The school-master, the tutor, the governess who shall make the pupil acquainted with the contents of this series, will render him a priceless service.'—*Athenæum*.

Prices of this Series in Parts, or Volumes handsomely bound:—

|   | £. s. d. | £. s. d. |
|---|----------|----------|
|   | Parts.   | Volumes. |
| Pictorial Museum of Animated Nature . . . . . | 1 7 0    | 1 14 6   |
| Pictorial Sunday-Book . . . . .               | 1 0 0    | 1 4 0    |
| Old England . . . . .                         | 1 16 0   | 2 5 0    |
| Old England's Worthies . . . . .              | 0 18 0   | 1 2 6    |
| Pictorial Gallery of Arts . . . . .           | 1 7 0    | 1 14 6   |
|   | £6 8 0   | 8 0 6    |

The following pages contain a particular description of each work.

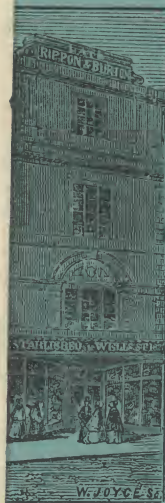
Bright Steel Fenders, to 4 feet, from 30s. each; ditto ditto, with Or-molu ornaments, from 60s.; rich bronzed scroll ditto, with Steel Bar, 10s. 6d.; Iron Fenders, 3 feet, 4s. 6d.; 4 feet, 6s.; ditto bronzed, and fitted with Standards, 3 feet, 9s.; 4 feet, 11s.; Wrought Iron Kitchen Fenders, 3 feet, 4s. 6d.; 4 feet, 6s.; Bright Register Stoves, with Bronzed Ornaments, and Two Sets of Bars, from 80s.; ditto ditto, with Or-molu Ornaments, from £6 6s.; Black Dining-room Register Stoves, 2 feet, 18s.; 3 feet, 27s.; Bedroom Register Stoves, 2 feet, 16s.; 3 feet, 24s. The New Economical Thermio Stove, with Fender and Radiating Hearthplate; Fire Irons for Chambers, 1s. 9d. per set; handsome ditto, with Cut Heads, 6s. 6d.; newest pattern, with elegant Bronzed Heads, 11s. A variety of Fire Irons, with Or-molu and richly Cut Heads, at proportionate prices. Any article in the Furnishing Ironmongery, 30 per cent. under any other house.

The money returned for every article not approved of. Detailed Catalogues, with Engravings, sent (per post) free.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S (late RIPPON and BURTON'S) Stock of general Furnishing Ironmongery is literally the largest in the world, and as no language can be employed to give a correct idea of its variety and extent, purchasers are invited to call and inspect it.

39, OXFORD STREET, CORNER OF NEWMAN STREET, LONDON.

1820.



## HEAPOTS

in the peculiarity of the  
or sort. Portland 23s.;  
even to silver itself in  
very ironmongery article,

## IRONS.

and FENDERS, as well

Burton's),



544

Once to  
he could  
night-alar  
condition.

But the  
fain to go  
expecting  
So, into th  
the uncert  
and prying  
in the hall,

All this  
those with  
distance, a  
together;  
thick, and  
doubt whos

He took  
rooms, stop  
light raised  
when the d  
He went to  
dropped a

All this  
knocking wi

He was  
strangeness  
the hall; th  
been much  
recollection  
friendly offi  
beat like le  
whom he  
challenge hi  
him. He t  
He opened  
the blind, in  
pitiless.

The ringing and knocking still continuing—his panic too—he went back to the door in the bedchamber, and with some new efforts, each more stubborn than the last, wrenched it open. Seeing the little staircase not far off, and feeling the night-air coming up, he stole back for his hat and coat, made the door as secure after him as he could, crept down lamp in hand, extinguished it on seeing the street, and having put it in a corner, went out where the stars were shining.

## THE PICTORIAL MUSEUM OF ANIMATED NATURE.

With 4000 Woodcuts. Price 27s. in Parts; 34s. 6d. in 2 handsome Volumes, cloth.

The reader, at the very smallest price, is put into possession of, by far, the most extensive collection that has ever been produced of pictorial representations of all the important quadrupeds, birds, fishes, reptiles, and insects which fill the earth; with a corresponding description of the animal, its structure, its habits, its localities, its use; not given in a dry and repulsive form, but with that simplicity which may furnish just conceptions to all, but especially to the young, of the wonders and beauties of God's creation.

PICTORIAL COMPANION TO THE BIBLE.

## THE PICTORIAL SUNDAY-BOOK.

By DR. KITTO.

With 1500 Woodcuts and 13 coloured Maps, forming a SCRIPTURE ATLAS: price, in Parts, 14; in handsome cloth, 24s.

The publication now submitted to Christian families is intended to present, at the very cheapest rate, a series of engravings illustrative of the Bible History, the Prophecies, the Psalms, the Life of Our Saviour, and the Acts of his Apostles; exhibiting the scenes of the great events recorded in Scripture, the Customs of the Jews, the Natural History of the Holy Land, and the Antiquities which throw a light upon the Sacred Writings, with a body of Scriptural narrative and explanation, continuing from number to number; each number forming, as it is judged, a fitting portion for a Sunday's leisure.

THE SCRIPTURE ATLAS of 13 Coloured Maps, with the Geography of the Holy Land, is sold separately, complete in one volume, price 7s. sewed, or 9s. cloth.

A PICTORIAL COMPANION AND KEY TO EVERY HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

## OLD ENGLAND;

A PICTORIAL MUSEUM OF NATIONAL ANTIQUITIES.

With 3000 Woodcuts and 24 coloured Engravings. Price 36s. in 24 Parts; 2l. 5s. in 2 Volumes, elegant cloth.

This work opens to all ranks, at the cheapest rate, a view of the REGAL, ECCLESIASTICAL, BARONIAL, MUNICIPAL, and POPULAR ANTIQUITIES of England, given in a chronological order; and thus the work is a companion and a key to every English history. The engravings embrace the most remarkable of our buildings from the earliest times—DAUIDICAL REMAINS, CATHEDRALS, ABBEYS, CHURCHES, COLLEGES, CASTLES, CIVIC HALLS, MANSIONS, SEPULCHRAL MONUMENTS of our princes and nobles, Portraits of British Worthies and representations of localities associated with their names, ancient Pictures and Illuminations of Historical Events, with the finest Victrolas of the Monarchy, Coins and Medals, Autographs, the Dresses, and the DAILY LIFE of the people.

## SUPPLEMENT TO OLD ENGLAND.

## OLD ENGLAND'S WORTHIES:

A Gallery of 72 Portraits on Steel, and 12 splendid Illuminated Engravings of some remarkable place or monument associated with the life of some one of "OLD ENGLAND'S WORTHIES," arranged in a chronological order, thus enabling the reader to become familiar with the greatest names of his countrymen in illustrative succession.

## LIST OF BIOGRAPHIES AND PORTRAITS.

|                       |                   |                   |
|-----------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
| Henry II.             | Queen Elizabeth.  | Algernon Sidney.  |
| Roger Bacon.          | Shakspeare.       | Sir W. Petty.     |
| Edward III.           | Raleigh.          | T. Sydenham.      |
| Wiclif.               | Camden.           | Robert Boyle.     |
| Chaucer.              | Bacon.            | Richard Baxter.   |
| William of Wykeham.   | B. Jonson.        | H. Purcell.       |
| Henry V.              | Stratford.        | Sir Wm. Temple.   |
| James I. of Scotland. | Hampden.          | Dryden.           |
| Henry VII.            | Laud.             | William III.      |
| Dean Colet.           | Charles I.        | Locke.            |
| Cardinal Wolsey.      | Selden.           | Ray.              |
| Sir Thomas More.      | Blake.            | Lord Somers.      |
| Thomas Lord Cromwell. | W. Harvey, M.D.   | Wm. Penn.         |
| Earl of Surrey.       | Cromwell.         | Addison.          |
| Lady Jane Grey.       | Thomas Fuller.    | Marlborough.      |
| Archbishop Cranmer.   | Jeremy Taylor.    | Sir C. Wren.      |
| Bishop Latimer.       | Clarendon.        | Sir Isaac Newton. |
| John Knox.            | Milton.           | De Foe.           |
| Sir Thomas Gresham.   | Sir M. Hale.      | Halley.           |
| Buchanan.             | A. Marvell.       | Pope.             |
| Sir Philip Sidney.    | I. Barrow.        | Walpole.          |
| Sir F. Drake.         | Hobbes.           | Swift.            |
| Cecil Lord Burleigh.  | S. Butler.        | Wm. Hogarth.      |
| Spenser.              | Wm. Lord Russell. | Smeaton.          |

Complete in 12 Parts, at 1s. 6d. each; or in 1 handsome folio volume, price 11. 2s. 6d.

## THE PICTORIAL GALLERY OF ARTS.

With about 4000 Engravings. In 27 Shilling Parts; or 11. 14s. 6d. in 2 Volumes, elegant cloth.

Vol. I., The USEFUL ARTS; Vol. II., The FINE ARTS.

The great purpose which is to be kept in mind, in this and similar works which teach by pictures as well as words, is the expansion of the intellect of all who see and read. What our 'PICTORIAL MUSEUM' is to the world of 'ANIMATED NATURE,' our 'PICTORIAL GALLERY' purposes to be to the world of 'ART.' The 'Museum' exhibits the great Author of Good displaying His power and wisdom in the creation of the wonderful varieties of life with which the earth is filled, all His creatures accomplishing the purposes of their being in harmony with the great scheme of His Providence. The 'Gallery' will exhibit the same benevolent teacher of Man leading him forward from the humblest exercise of his faculties to the most complete development of his intellectual powers; and, through the agency of these powers, enabling him 'to subdue the earth,' and elevate himself in the scale of being, by the aid of the accumulated knowledge of society, heaped up for him by the experience of many generations. The one work is a sequel to the other. Each has especial reference to the instruction of the people, particularly of the young.

D. 1820.



## CAPOTS

the peculiarity of the sort. Portland 23s.; even to silver itself in ironmongery article,

## IRONS.

FENDERS, as well

arton's),

## BRIGHT STEEL WAREHOUSES.

Bright Steel Fenders, to 4 feet, from 30s. each; ditto ditto, with Or-molu ornaments, from 60s.; rich bronzed scroll ditto, with Steel Bar, 10s. 6d.; Iron Fenders, 3 feet, 4s. 6d.; 4 feet, 6s.; ditto bronzed, and fitted with Standards, 3 feet, 9s.; 4 feet, 11s.; Wrought Iron Kitchen Fenders, 3 feet, 4s. 6d.; 4 feet, 6s.; Bright Register Stoves, with Bronzed Ornaments, and Two Sets of Bars, from 80s.; ditto ditto, with Or-molu Ornaments, from £6 6s.; Black Dining-room Register Stoves, 2 feet, 18s.; 3 feet, 27s.; Bedroom Register Stoves, 2 feet, 16s.; 3 feet, 24s. The New Economical Thermio Stove, with Fender and Radiating Hearthplate; Fire Irons for Chambers, 1s. 9d. per set; handsome ditto, with Cut Heads, 6s. 6d.; newest pattern, with elegant Bronzed Heads, 11s. A variety of Fire Irons, with Or-molu and richly Cut Heads, at proportionate prices. Any article in the Furnishing Ironmongery, 30 per cent. under any other house.

The money returned for every article not approved of. Detailed Catalogues, with Engravings, sent (per post) free.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S (late RIPPON and BURTON'S) Stock of general Furnishing Ironmongery is literally the largest in the world, and as no language can be employed to give a correct idea of its variety and extent, purchasers are invited to call and inspect it.

39, OXFORD STREET, CORNER OF NEWMAN STREET, LONDON.



544

Once  
he could  
night-alk  
condition

But t  
fain to go  
expecting  
So, into  
the uncer  
and prying  
in the ha

All th  
those wi  
distance,  
together;  
thick, and  
doubt wh

He too  
rooms, sto  
light raise  
when the  
He went  
dropped a

All this  
knocking w

He was  
strangenes  
the hall; t  
been much  
recollection  
friendly off  
beat like I  
whom he  
challenge h  
him. He t  
He opened  
the blind, in  
pitiless.

The ringing a knocking still continuing—his panic too—he went back to the door in the bedchamber, and with some new efforts, each more stubborn than the last, wrenched it open. Seeing the little staircase not far off, and feeling the night-air coming up, he stole back for his hat and coat, made the door as secure after him as he could, crept down lamp in hand, extinguished it on seeing the street, and having put it in a corner, went out where the stars were shining.

## THE CABINET HISTORY OF ENGLAND

FROM THE  
EARLIEST TIME TO THE PRESENT DAY.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY HARVEY.

By C. MAC FARLANE, Esq. In 26 Volumes. Price 1s. each in wrapper,  
1s. 6d. cloth, or in 13 double volumes, 3s. each, cloth, gilt edges.

The chapters in the 'PICTORIAL HISTORY OF ENGLAND' entitled 'Civil and Military History' supply the only complete history of England in our language written by one author. Mr. MAC FARLANE, the author of these chapters, has abridged them, and continued them to the present day, so as to produce an original, complete, and really full narrative of our country's great story from the earliest time. Small as the price of this work is, no other work can compete with it in the minuteness of its details, and the labour of its research. The Histories of Hume and Smollett, excellent as they are in many respects, are only fragments with reference to the periods embraced by each, and since their days a flood of light has been shed upon English history, which leaves their pages, in spite of their attractions as compositions, dark by comparison with a history founded upon all we now know.

EVERYBODY'S BOOK."—*Morning Chronicle*.

## HOUSEHOLD SURGERY; OR, HINTS ON EMERGENCIES.

By JOHN F. SOUTH, Surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital.

Price 5s.

The object of this Work is to afford some useful hints as to the means which people have in their own power to employ when accidents happen which require immediate attention and no medical man is at hand, and often cannot be obtained for hours. Such cases are neither few nor unimportant, and many serious consequences—nay, even death—may be prevented if a judicious person, having been put on the track, make use of the simple remedies almost every house affords.

'We have seldom seen a book of wider or more sound practical utility than this unpretending little volume. We can conscientiously recommend Mr. South's Manual to the notice of the public. It is not a class-book; it is EVERYBODY'S BOOK; and above all, travellers, emigrants, and residents in remote country places should not fail to provide themselves with it.'—*Morning Chronicle*.

CHARLES COX, 12, KING WILLIAM STREET, STRAND.  
OLIVER & BOYD, Edinburgh; and J. ROBERTSON, Grafton Street, Dublin.

# THE EAGLE AND PROTECTOR LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

OFFICE.—3, *Crescent, Bridge Street, Blackfriars.*

## DIRECTORS.

CHAIRMAN,—John Richards, Esq.

## DEPUTY CHAIRMEN,

Sir James Mc Grigor, Bart. F.R.S. | The Hon. John Chetwynd Talbot, Q.C. | Wm. Cripps, Esq. M.P.

Charles Bischoff, Esq.

Thomas Boddington, Esq.

Sir Archer Demman Croft, Bart.

Thomas Devas, Esq.

Nathaniel Gould, Esq.

Robert Alexander Gray, Esq.

Charles Thomas Holcombe, Esq.

George Jelf, Esq.

Richard Harman Lloyd, Esq.

Joshua Lockwood, Esq.

Walter Anderson Peacock, Esq.

Ralph Charles Price, Esq.

Henry Porter Smith, Esq.

Lt-Gen. Sir John Wilson, K.C.B.

William Wybrow, Esq.

AUDITORS.—C. J. Campbell, Esq. | J. G. Lynde, Esq. | T. G. Sambrooke, Esq.

PHYSICIAN.—George Leith Roupell, M.D., F.R.S., 15, Welbeck Street.

SURGEONS.—James Sauer, Esq., Finsbury Sq. | William Cooke, Esq., 39, Trinity Square, Tower Hill.

## FEMALE LIFE INSURANCE.

THE PECULIAR FEATURE OF THIS COMPANY IS ITS NEW, DISTINCT AND ADVANTAGEOUS RATES FOR THE INSURANCE OF FEMALE LIFE. THE ATTENTION OF THE PUBLIC IS PARTICULARLY DIRECTED TO A COMPARISON OF THE REMARKABLE DIFFERENCES EXHIBITED IN THE TABLES FOR THE TWO SEXES.

This Company is empowered by Act of Parliament, based on an ample subscribed Capital; at the end of every Five Years a strict investigation is made into the Funds,—the value of every existing claim determined,—its amount retained and the surplus apportioned: FOUR-FIFTHS of the profits of these periodical divisions are then allotted to the assured, and may at their option, be added to the policy, or applied in reduction of the future Annual payments, but there is no Bonus so secure, so irrevocable, so convenient as a low sufficient premium, based on sound principles. For example: by the payment of the diminished rates of this Company, on a Young Male—or on a Female Life, a certain, immediate and irrevocable advantage is secured, equal at the common prices of insurance, to a prospective Bonus of £363. if the policy be on a Male Life of thirty for £5000., or to £1183. if on a Female Life of the same age for the same sum; the assured still retaining the right to share in any further advantage which such low payments may yield to him.

## FEMALE LIVES.

The advantage offered by this Office to those who effect insurances on Female Lives, is not sufficiently known, or its principles clearly understood. By making a distinction between the sexes, a select class is separated from the general population, and receives the full benefit of its own longevity; it is not a reduction effected from the mere spirit of competition—it is the difference demanded by science and supported by all observation. A Female Life insured in a society where no diminution is made in its favor, pays an extra rate for forming part of a mixed mortality worse than its own, and for not selecting the Company which offers to it the full advantage of its higher expectation of life.

## FOREIGN LIFE INSURANCES

May be effected without extra charge, except the sea risk, for all the Colonies of Australasia; and Policies are granted for the East and West Indies, for any of the British Garrisons or Colonies, for especial or continued sea risks, for any Civil, Military, or Diplomatic duty, at moderately graduated scales, consistent with the degree of the danger; and by a recent decision of the Board—all persons Assured with this Company, may reside in any Country distant more than 33 degrees from the Equator, or pass by Sea (not being Seafaring Persons by Profession) between any two ports in the same hemisphere so situated, without extra charge.

TABLES—Shewing what amount the ordinary Premium for £5000. in other Offices, will immediately secure in this.

| MALE TABLE. |   |  |  | FEMALE TABLE. |   |  |   |
|-------------|---|--|--|---------------|---|--|---|
| AGE         | In Offices using the common Northampton Table | For the same Premium may be insured in this Office | Fixed, immediate and irrevocable Bonus secured by selection of this Office | AGE           | In Offices using the common Northampton Table | For the same Premium may be insured in this Office | Fixed, immediate and irrevocable Bonus secured by selection of this Office. |
| 10          | £5000   | £5771  | £771   | 20            | £5000   | £6212  | £1212   |
| 20          | 5090  | 5127   | 127  | 30            | 5000  | 6188   | 1188  |
| 30          | 5000  | 5263   | 363  | 40            | 5000  | 6174   | 1174  |
| 40          | 5000  | 5270   | 270  | 50            | 5000  | 6045   | 1045  |
| 50          | 5000  | 4910   | none   | 60            | 5000  | 5558   | 558   |



From the distinction of the Sexes, the Tables are so various and voluminous, that it is impossible to insert more than specimens of the decennial periods in this notice, but full details may be known by application at the Office.

**A TABLE, shewing the Payments required to assure £100.  
ON THE DEATH OF A MALE.**

| AGE<br>next<br>Birth-<br>day. | If within<br>One Year,<br>not<br>renewable. | If within<br>Seven Years,<br>Ann. Payment<br>renewable for<br>7 Years only. | WHENEVER IT MAY HAPPEN                   |   |                                |                   |                   |  |
|-------------------------------|---|---|--|---|--------------------------------|-------------------|-------------------|--|
|                               |   |   | Payable<br>Annually for<br>5 Years only. | Payable<br>Annually for<br>10 Years only. | Payable for the Whole of Life. |                   |                   |  |
|                               |   |   |  |   | Quarterly.                     | Half-yearly.      | Yearly.           |  |
| 10                            | £ s. d.<br>0 13 4                           | £ s. d.<br>0 13 9   | £ s. d.<br>8 3 6                         | £ s. d.<br>4 9 0                          | £ s. d.<br>0 8 3               | £ s. d.<br>0 16 5 | £ s. d.<br>1 12 7 |  |
| 20                            | 1 2 1                                       | 1 6 3   | 9 15 3                                   | 5 9 2                                     | 0 10 10                        | 1 1 6             | 2 2 6             |  |
| 30                            | 1 10 9                                      | 1 12 2  | 10 17 6                                  | 5 19 10                                   | 0 12 8                         | 1 5 3             | 2 9 10            |  |
| 40                            | 1 15 4                                      | 1 17 4  | 12 10 9                                  | 6 18 7                                    | 0 16 6                         | 1 12 8            | 3 4 4             |  |
| 50                            | 2 3 5                                       | 2 12 3  | 14 18 9                                  | 8 9 6                                     | 1 3 8                          | 2 6 11            | 4 12 4            |  |
| 60                            | 3 17 1                                      | 4 7 11  | 17 19 3                                  | 10 10 6                                   | 1 15 9                         | 3 10 8            | 6 13 2            |  |

**ON THE DEATH OF A FEMALE.**

| AGE<br>next<br>Birth-<br>day. | If within<br>One Year,<br>not<br>renewable. | If within<br>Seven Years,<br>Ann. Payment<br>renewable for<br>7 Years only. | WHENEVER IT MAY HAPPEN                   |   |                                |                   |                  |  |
|-------------------------------|---|---|--|---|--------------------------------|-------------------|------------------|--|
|                               |   |   | Payable<br>Annually for<br>5 Years only. | Payable<br>Annually for<br>10 Years only. | Payable for the Whole of Life. |                   |                  |  |
|                               |   |   |  |   | Quarterly.                     | Half-yearly.      | Yearly.          |  |
| 10                            | £ s. d.<br>0 13 0                           | £ s. d.<br>0 13 9   | £ s. d.<br>7 8 9                         | £ s. d.<br>4 0 11                         | £ s. d.<br>0 7 2               | £ s. d.<br>0 14 2 | £ s. d.<br>1 8 1 |  |
| 20                            | 1 1 0                                       | 1 5 0   | 8 15 4                                   | 4 16 0                                    | 0 8 11                         | 0 17 9            | 1 15 1           |  |
| 30                            | 1 7 0                                       | 1 8 9   | 10 0 7                                   | 5 10 6                                    | 0 11 0                         | 1 1 10            | 2 3 2            |  |
| 40                            | 1 13 1                                      | 1 13 9  | 11 13 1                                  | 6 8 7                                     | 0 14 0                         | 1 7 10            | 2 15 0           |  |
| 50                            | 1 15 11                                     | 1 17 3  | 13 15 9                                  | 7 13 0                                    | 0 19 2                         | 1 18 0            | 3 15 0           |  |
| 60                            | 2 15 2                                      | 3 7 0   | 16 17 0                                  | 9 11 9                                    | 1 9 6                          | 2 18 4            | 5 14 7           |  |

TABLE of the Annual Payment required to be made during Marriage to secure an Annuity of £100. to the Wife in the event of the decease of the Husband.  
The Annuity selected for illustration is £100.; but any less or larger amount may be secured: the rates vary with every combination of Age. The exact amount may be known by communicating to the Office the date of birth of each party. This mode of Assurance is useful where a Widow only is to be provided for.

| AGE<br>of<br>WIFE. | AGE OF HUSBAND.             |                             |                              |                              |                              |
|--------------------|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|------------------------------|------------------------------|------------------------------|
|                    | Equal Age with<br>the Wife. | 5 Years older<br>than Wife. | 10 Years older<br>than Wife. | 15 Years older<br>than Wife. | 20 Years older<br>than Wife. |
| 20                 | 35 4 6                      | 37 13 8                     | 41 13 3                      | 48 1 5                       | 57 4 5                       |
| 30                 | 34 17 5                     | 40 4 0                      | 48 3 7                       | 59 16 3                      | 77 17 0                      |
| 40                 | 38 2 4                      | 47 13 3                     | 63 4 10                      | 83 5 7                       | 107 8 7                      |
| 50                 | 47 1 11                     | 62 16 1                     | 82 3 2                       | 112 12 4                     | 153 14 0                     |
| 60                 | 56 3 7                      | 78 6 4                      | 108 13 2                     | 150 16 10                    | 234 12 9                     |

### Form of a Proposal

#### TO THE EAGLE & PROTECTOR ASSURANCE COMPANY.

The Name, Residence and Profession, of the Person in whose behalf the Policy is to be.  
The Name, Residence and Profession, of the Person whose Life is proposed for Insurance.  
The Place and Date of Birth. Term of the proposed Insurance. Amount.  
The Name and Address of the ordinary Medical Attendant of the Life to be Insured.  
The Name and Address of a private Friend.

These particulars should be transmitted to the Actuary, who will afford any further information which may be required.

The particular rates of Premium for Survivorships, Endowments, Joint Lives, the Ascending Scale, and other Life Contingencies, Forms of Proposal, Declaration, Prospectus, &c.,—may be obtained by personal application at the Office of the Company; or by Letter addressed to the Actuary.

**C. JELLICOE, Actuary.**

Cuthbert & Southey, Printers, 155, Fenchurch Street.

ESTABLISHED (IN WELLS STREET) A.D. 1820.



## THE PLATED SEAMLESS TEAPOTS

Cannot be distinguished from silver, or leak or lose their shape; while from the peculiarity of the process of making (just patented), their prices are about one-half of any other sort. Portland 23s.; Oval plain, 23s.; Round plain, 25s.; Round engraved, 30s.; Antique (superior even to silver itself in delicacy of finish), 40s.—Detailed Catalogues, with Engravings, as well as of every ironmongery article, sent (per post) free.

## FENDERS, STOVES, & FIRE IRONS.

The LARGEST ASSORTMENT of STOVES, KITCHEN RANGES, and FENDERS, as well as General Ironmongery in the world, is now on Sale at

**WILLIAM S. BURTON'S** (late Rippon and Burton's),

EXTENSIVE WAREHOUSES.

Bright Steel Fenders, to 4 feet, from 30s. each; ditto ditto, with Or-molu ornaments, from 60s.; rich bronzed scroll ditto, with Steel Bar, 10s. 6d.; Iron Fenders, 3 feet, 4s. 6d.; 4 feet, 6s.; ditto bronzed, and fitted with Standards, 3 feet, 9s.; 4 feet, 11s.; Wrought Iron Kitchen Fenders, 3 feet, 4s. 6d.; 4 feet, 6s.; Bright Register Stoves, with Bronzed Ornaments, and Two Sets of Bars, from 80s.; ditto ditto, with Or-molu Ornaments, from £6 6s.; Black Dining-room Register Stoves, 2 feet, 18s.; 3 feet, 27s.; Bedroom Register Stoves, 2 feet, 16s.; 3 feet, 24s. The New Economical Thermio Stove, with Fender and Radiating Hearthplate; Fire Irons for Chambers, 1s. 9d. per set; handsome ditto, with Cut Heads, 6s. 6d.; newest pattern, with elegant Bronzed Heads, 11s. A variety of Fire Irons, with Or-molu and richly Cut Heads, at proportionate prices. Any article in the Furnishing Ironmongery, 30 per cent. under any other house.

The money returned for every article not approved of. Detailed Catalogues, with Engravings, sent (per post) free.

WILLIAM S. BURTON'S (late RIPPON and BURTON'S) Stock of general Furnishing Ironmongery is literally the largest in the world, and as no language can be employed to give a correct idea of its variety and extent, purchasers are invited to call and inspect it.

39, OXFORD STREET, CORNER OF NEWMAN STREET, LONDON.



(sc)  
PR4559  
A1  
1846  
no.17

# THE RIVAL MART.

*A Parody on "THE IVY GREEN."*

Oh! a splendid House is the Rival Mart,  
With its front so wide and bold—  
Right well does it look, in ev'ry part,  
Whenever we stand to behold.  
Its shops are capacious, its show-rooms vast—  
To suit the business here—  
And MOSES and SON have thus surpass'd  
All rivals, far and near.

Rising in a public part,  
A rare good House is the Rival Mart.

The choicest of dress may here be had—  
By MOSES and SON design'd—  
And thousands by MOSES are daily clad,  
In clothes of a first-rate kind.  
This Dress-Mart showeth what none have shown,  
In fashion, and cloth, and make,  
And all who have tried it, must freely own  
The perfection its garbs partake.  
Rising in a public part,  
A rare good House is the Rival Mart.

Here MOSES and SON in style display  
Their Hats and their Boots and Shoes,—  
And their splendid Furs for a winter's day,  
Which the tasty ladies choose.  
Here nothing oppressive in price we see,  
For the goods are cheaply sold—  
And long shall the Mart of MOSES be  
On the scroll of Fame enroll'd.  
Rising in a public part,  
A rare good House is the Rival Mart.

## LIST OF PRICES.

| Ready Made.                             |            | Made to Measure.                           |         |
|---|------------|--|---------|
|   | £ s. d.    |  | £ s. d. |
| Beaver Taglions                         | from 0 9 6 | Winter Coats, in every style and shape,    | 1 6 0   |
| " Chesterfields and Codringtons, and    |            | handsomely trimmed                         | from    |
| every description of Over-coat,         | 1 5 0      | Milled Cloth Over-coats, Velvet Collar and | 2 4 0   |
| handsomely trimmed                      | 1 8 0      | Cuffs                                      | 0 18 0  |
| The Pacha Coat                          | 1 0 0      | " Tweed Wrappers                           | 0 9 0   |
| The Bulwer, especially adapted for snow | 1 0 0      | " Trowsers                                 | 0 18 0  |
| and wet weather                         | 0 15 0     | Winter Trowsers, in all the New Patterns   | 1 2 0   |
| The Premier                             | 0 6 0      | " Doeskin Trowsers                         | 1 6 0   |
| Boys' Winter Coats, in every style      | 0 4 0      | " Best or Dress                            | 1 12 0  |
| Men's Winter Trowsers, lined            | 0 12 6     | " Dress Coats                              | 1 15 0  |
| " Doeskin                               | 1 0 0      | " Frock Coat best quality made             | 3 3 0   |
| " Dress Coats                           | 1 4 0      | " " best quality made                      | 0 8 6   |
| " Frock Coats                           | 0 2 0      | Cashmere Vests                             | 0 12 0  |
| Double Breasted Winter Vests            | 0 1 6      | Satins, Plain or Fancy                     | 1 6 0   |
| Roll Collar ditto ditto                 | 0 16 6     | Boys' Hussar and Tunic Suits               | 0 16 0  |
| Boys' Hussar and Tunic Suits            |            | Ditto Great Coats                          |         |

**Mourning to any extent can be had at Five Minutes' notice.**

Gratis and Post-free!—The new Book, entitled "The Dressing-room Companion," descriptive of the Houses, and interspersed with Poetical tales, &c., together with a novel system of self-measurement, important to country residents.

**TAKE NOTICE.**—The prices of the articles are marked in plain figures, and no abatement can be made. Observe also, that any article may be exchanged, or that the money paid may be returned.

\*.\* The Establishment closes at sun-set on Fridays, until sun-set on Saturdays, when business is resumed till 12 o'clock.

**ESSENTIAL CAUTION.**—E. MOSES and SON are under the necessity of guarding the public against imposition, having learned that the untradesmanlike falsehood of "Being connected with them," or "It's the same concern," has been resorted to in many instances and for obvious reasons. The Proprietors have no connection with any other house, and those who would prevent disappointment should observe the address,

**E. MOSES & SON, Tailors, Woollen Drapers, Hosiery, Furriers, Hatters, Boot and Shoe Makers, and General Outfitters for Ladies and Gentlemen,**

**152, 155, 156, & 157 Minorities, & 83, 82, 85, & 86 Aldgate, City, London.**